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Asides

In this month's issue are to be found a number of Catholic thought articles which we think are as readable as they are valuable. We hope you will especially enjoy (and agree with) "You Carry the True Faith's Ensign," by E. J. Keegan, which forcefully shows us our responsibility to every non-Catholic we meet. In "Mother of Faith, Son of Piety," by Doris Burton, there are warmth and inspiration to be had for the reading, just as in C. J. Woolen's "With The Cross On His Shoulder," there is a model for the man of faith.

Among our other articles you will find something on Washington—as usual in our articles this fall—as well as some highly personal reflections on the social problem of adoption, the role a priest played in the science of heredity, an echo from the past on religion in government, and a contrast drawn between present persecution of the faithful and persecution of the first Christians.

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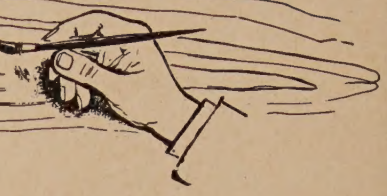
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Editorial Page



Lest We Forget

A certain type of wit often reminds those who are unfortunate enough to hear him that a man can be certain of but two things, death and taxes. True enough, alas, but while a Catholic is interested in meeting the taxes assessed, he considers it of even more importance to meet properly his inevitable death. Death, as most people realize, is the door appointed by God through which humans must pass to eternal life. Catholics realize that after death only two places exist in which they can ultimately spend eternity, heaven or hell. However, before eternity in heaven may be enjoyed, most of us poor human beings must undergo a period of purification in a place known as purgatory. Purgatory, like the infinitely more dreadful hell, is no place of refreshment, but thanks to the goodness of God, purgatory's period of purification may be shortened through the prayers and good works offered for souls in purgatory by those still on earth.

Of course every Catholic society, especially during this month of the Poor Souls, calls the attention of its membership to those who have died and may now be suffering in purgatory. The Holy Name Society, a Confraternity of the Church, remembers in a special manner those of its members who must be purified before they can enjoy the Beatific Vision. A long-standing custom in the Society calls for remembering deceased members by special prayers at the regular November meeting. The reason for this is that members of the Society acknowledge in faith that their deceased brothers may be in need of purification before their souls attain heaven and are desirous of assisting, by prayers, in the attainment of the objective of all, Eternal Happiness.

The Election Is Over

July's heat was intensified when the emotions of TV-watching and listening citizens soared as the two great political parties nominated candidates for the highest elective offices of the nation at their respective national conventions. A few weeks after the second nominating convention had faded from television screens and radio loudspeakers resumed with their gushy "soap-operas" of the day-time hours, the campaign for winning votes by influencing voters was instigated. This campaign for voters blanketed the nation with millions of words and, it must be admitted, with much extraneous noise. The words written and uttered, as well as the noisy bedlam generated by political rallies, swelled to unusual proportions. This orgy of oratory and fine words amounted to little more than the process of informing the electorate of the reasons why particular candidates for the offices presently occupied by the Messrs. Truman and Barkley should be elected.

Last Tuesday, finally, the voters of the nation gave their answer to the campaign as they walked, rode or were carried to their specific polling places in unprecedented numbers. The decision made by the voters on Tuesday was not known definitely until those same voters awoke from their undisturbed (?) slumber on Wednesday morning.

Undoubtedly some individuals may not at the present time agree whole-heartedly with the verdict which resulted from the action of the electorate. (Even though this electorate was the largest in the history of the nation, thanks at least in part to the fine work of making citizens conscious of their voting duties done by the American Heritage Foundation.) However, the electorate has made known its decision, and it is the obligation of each person in the nation, whether his candidate was victorious or not, to unite with all other citizens behind the successful party *for the good of the nation.*

As members of the Holy Name Society, we do more than offer congratulations to the victors. We pray that God will give them the Divine help without which they will be unable to fulfill their obligations as President and Vice-President of our nation.

You Fly the True Faith's Ensign

by E. J. Keegan

More souls are attracted to the Church by the lives of her members than by the apologist's capacity for polemics.

AS A CATHOLIC, you stand for the Church, you represent the Faith in the eyes of men who know you. All of us, for good or ill, bear the brand of the Church—publicly. As workers in offices, shops, factories, mines or ships, we are, as it were, in the front line. People who would be scared even to approach a priest are always ready to expend their ammunition on us. It is we whom they regard as the test of Catholicism and the easy target for either their shots or for their tributes. Very mistakenly they think it is no trouble at all for a priest to be good—it's his job, they say—but they put us in a different category. They do us too much honor. But they make no allowances for limited education, social environment, or any particular disabilities we may have. We are Catholics and as such are expected to answer anything that may crop up at a moment's notice. Their difficulties may range from the doctrine of the Trinity to the reason why Mrs. O'Callaghan places a candle at the statue of the Little Flower; or from ultramontanism to the "dreadful furnishings" of the little Catholic church round the corner.

Whatever it is, they expect us to be walking Catholic encyclopedias. If we give an answer immediately, we do not know what we are talking about. If we are stumped for the moment as to why the Manicheans, the Donatists, or the Aryans broke away from the Church, or who was the Pope that crowned Pepin, then we are woefully ignorant. Should we ask for time to refer a difficulty to a priest—then indeed, we are beyond the pale. We are priest-ridden, mental slaves, or nearly certifiable lunatics. So where are we?

In addition to all this, our friends demand of Catholics a standard of behavior far higher than their own. Very illogical, of course, considering that they regard our religion as a fairy story and its adherents in the last stages of imbecility. But logic is not their strong point. We are required to be clean in tongue, disciplined in action and as plaster saints in general, or else! Anything below these standards is taken as a sure sign that Catholicism is wrong. No quarter is given. The fact that the personal life of a Catholic cannot be measured against the truth and virtue of Catholicism itself is ignored. The slightest slip is seized upon with avid glee as a heaven-sent opportunity for a homily. In their fulminations some of our opponents are like a parade. They take sixty minutes to pass a given point.

Which all goes to show that in reality they regard Catholicism as something out of the ordinary, in spite of their protestations as to its idiocy. It is a compliment, albeit backhanded. But it means that the life of a Catholic layman is not always easy if he is to maintain the reputation of his Church. His opponents set him a standard, but they do not generally observe it themselves. There is no let-up. It often happens that a Catholic is spurred by his non-Catholic acquaintances, rather than those of his own religion. Their opposition is far more provoking to good behavior than the easy acquiescence or the charity of his own people. The tongue of scorn can be a whiplash more penetrating than forgiveness.

WE HOLD a great religion, but there is a penalty to greatness. It means that we have to ever be on our guard. Our slightest slip is observed. If we happen to be associated with an aggressive type of non-Catholic our shortcomings will be seized upon with avidity and broadcast, sometimes with unholy delight. But we may be among a quieter type of people, those who steer clear of religious discussion as they would of a bomb. These people, however, can see and hear like the others and although they say nothing they may think a lot. It is our responsibility that we do not give them cause to think badly of the religion of which we are the ambassadors.

It is the experience of many lay Catholics that they spend half their lives rebutting canards, or explaining their faith to the invincibly ignorant. This results in a certain technique which is perfected as time goes on. As a general

rule it will be found that the objections to Catholicism are all much of a muchness. Year after year the same questions will be asked and the same motheaten old arguments will be produced. One's technique will depend on one's knowledge. For those who do not feel themselves intellectually capable of sustaining an involved discussion, it is possible to swing the argument by carrying the war into the enemy's country. This was the method of an Irishman we once knew. His faith was as firm as a rock, but he was no great shakes at explanation. His idea was simple. When a person asked, say, for proof of God's existence, Pat would throw down the gauntlet by insisting first of all that the opponent give conclusive proof of the non-existence of God. He thus gave the opposition quite a lot of hard work which was not eased by Pat's interpolations and guffaws. He used to make objectors perspire.

WE KNEW another Catholic who had a terrific technique with people who wanted to retail questionable stories. Directly the raconteur started, the Catholic would develop a defect in his hearing. The speaker would be asked to raise his voice. The tone would be lifted but the Roman ear would still be defective. Another request for a higher pitch, and perhaps another. By this time the raconteur was looking around guiltily to see who else was in the vicinity and before the story was well under way, it would be cut short in disgust at the listener's obtuse deafness. You see, even the worst of men are averse to shouting an evil story at the top of the voice.

Evil conversation is one of the worst trials for conscientious Catholic laymen, because where people, for one reason or another, avoid religious discussion, they feel no compunction in indulging in loose talk. Sometimes it is not easy for a Catholic to openly protest, but he always has the weapon of silence. A studied silence when all others are laughing is often as convincing as oral objection. It undermines the storyteller's confidence in his prowess and popularity when he sees that his effort has not received the complete approval of his audience. It also has the effect of shaming some of the other listeners. Many a laugh has been toned down or quenched at the sight of a dissentient. Silence, moreover, is an effective bar to the annoyance of the raconteur. He may pick a quarrel at a verbal protest but his guns are spiked by silent disapproval. One has to judge one's opponent, or take stock of one's own position. Where the whiplash of the tongue can be used effectively, do not spare it. Where it is not expedient, then silent disapproval is the watchword.

With regard to faith and morals, we have a duty to inform ourselves as much as possible. As far as lies in our power we must read and tap all sources of information, for we are the people to pass it on to the separated brethren. The better we are equipped, the greater the chance of success. Knowledge is power. Truth is unassailable. We Catholics always have the advantage if we only realize it. He that has the truth must necessarily be in an impregnable position. We must never let ourselves be deluded by specious arguments. Sometimes it may appear that Catholicism is mistaken on this or that point, particularly where social problems are concerned. But be sure that the Church cannot be caught napping. She is a Wise Old Lady with centuries of experience. She knows that all social problems are ultimately bound up with faith or morals and she has the answer to all of them, if we only take the trouble to go to her. We must keep ourselves abreast with the position. The Saxons lost the Battle of Hastings because they did not realize they were in the winning position. They let themselves be deceived by the specious reports of the infiltrated Norman spies.

No apology is ever needed for Catholicism. It is the other way round. The heretics owe the apology. With their false arguments they have been responsible for the deflection of millions from the central stream of faith. The state of the world today can in large measure be attributed to the efforts of the heresiarchs in the past. Their followers are now stagnating in various isolated pools, away from the invigorating and cleansing movement of the main stream. It is heartrending, and we must bear this in mind when we come against the opposition. The majority of our separated brethren cannot be blamed for their position. They are the victims of the dead past. The flamboyant, proud heresiarchs are gone, but the evil they did lives on to poison millions of souls, many of them our friends and neighbors.

VERY FEW non-Catholics actually despise Catholicism, they only despise the bogey that has been presented to them as Catholicism, by wicked men. Culpable ignorance of our religion is rare. Most people are merely invincibly ignorant. This should impress on us the need for charity in our dealings with them.

But however good, bad, or indifferent we may be at explaining our faith, there is one thing we can all do and we must do. We can *live* the faith. Words may help, but they are as nothing against example. More souls have been attracted to the Church by the lives of her members than by the apologist's capacity for polemics. And (with no offence to our womenfolk) it is the good man rather than the good woman who is more impressive to the outsider. It is curious, too, that although women are generally considered as superior to men in virtue and holiness, there are far and away more men saints than women in the calendar.

Which just shows that it is not easy for a Catholic layman to live up to the standard expected of him. But nothing worthwhile is ever easy. The Catholic faith is certainly worthwhile. It does not guarantee to prevent one sinning, but it makes the process complicated. It is completely satisfying because it answers every problem. No man loses by adherence to Catholicism, except perhaps in a material sense. But what is that against the serenity of a clear conscience?

Mother of Faith, Son of Piety

by Doris Burton

IN A BIG wooden bed in a humble dwelling lay Margherita Sarto. A tragic day it had proved for her, for although it had seen the birth of her ninth child it had witnessed also the death of her husband, and the breadwinner of the family, for the eldest, Giuseppe, was but seventeen and a seminary student. Bepi, as he was called, had immediately offered to come to the mother's aid by giving up his priestly career, but she would not hear of it. She had given her son to God. Could she then take him back again! No, somehow or other with God's help she would manage to provide for her children.

As she lay there beset with sorrow and anxiety, she must have recalled to mind those struggling but happy years lived in loving harmony with the husband she had just lost. It had been in 1833, that the young Italian girl, Margherita Sanson, had married Giovanni Battista (John Baptist). Although employed by the municipality of Riese, a village in the Venetian Plains, his weekly wage had been small. As the children arrived one after the other—first a little one who died, followed by two boys, Giuseppe and Angelo, and six girls—it had been a continuous struggle with poverty. But Margherita and Giovanni, both of God-fearing and hardy peasant stock, accepted their trials and tribulations with patience, teaching their children to do the same. Except on Sunday, the mother never had a moment's rest, for in addition to the care of her home, as she had done dressmaking before her marriage, she was thankful to earn a little extra money by doing small jobs for her neighbors.

A poor and busy home, it was nevertheless a holy and happy one, with the children encouraged to love their faith. Every evening there were family prayers with the father explaining the catechism. He managed, too, to get to Mass each morning, and little Bepi became a server directly he was big enough to wear a cassock. Reared in such surroundings, the boy revealed an unselfish and pious disposition which, accompanied as it was by exceptional intelligence, promised well for the future. Nevertheless he was no ready-made saint, for he had a quick temper; moreover, later when his elevation to the Papacy was announced, an old inhabitant of Riese gave him away by exclaiming: "Why that young rascal! Many a cherry of mine found its way down his throat!"

Bepi made his First Communion at the age of eleven and soon found himself desiring to live for God alone. With a mother's intuition, Margherita made tentative enquiries, discovering that he wanted to become a priest. His father, regarding his two small sons as the future means of support for the family, was at first unwilling, but Margherita, having herself no hesitation in making the sacrifice, won his consent. It was therefore arranged that Bepi should leave the village school to attend a grammar school at Castelfranco. This entailed a daily trudge to and fro of four miles, for the most part barefoot, to save shoe leather, a hunk of bread in his pocket. During his fourth year, accompanied by his brother, Angelo, he made the journey in a donkey cart. In the evening, he studied Latin with the priest of Riese.

THE HOPES of the family were justified, for in his final examinations Bepi came out on top in every subject. Great must have been the joy in that humble home, but there was literally no money for seminary fees. What could be done about it! The matter was brought to the notice of the Patriarch of Venice and anxious days of suspense followed, ended by the happy news that Giuseppi had been nominated to a free burse in the seminary of Padua.

The youthful student of fifteen could scarcely restrain his tears on leaving home, but he quickly settled down to seminary life. At the end of two years the death of his father left his mother without resources. Deeply distressed on her behalf, Bepi's priestly career would have assuredly been abruptly terminated had it not been for her faith and courage. She declared that she would manage somehow and manage she did. With the assistance of one or two other village women and her young daughters, she provided for her family through her dressmaking. But it was a hard struggle. At times worn and harassed, she and her Bepi—himself distressed with their continuous combat with poverty—would console each other with the knowledge that there is no merit without sacrifice.

During his holidays, with that reverence for the priesthood for which she was noted, Margherita would not allow the younger children to address him by the familiar "thou." The home remained a happy and holy one. Every day the family had Office in common, and during the evening prayers, which included an examination of conscience, they would ask pardon of one another for faults committed.

Bepi's ordination took place in the cathedral of Castelfranco in 1858, his

family being present. The next morning, his mother had the joy of witnessing his first Mass, the result of twenty-three years of labor, prayer and sacrifice. The new priest was appointed to the parish of Tombole, and his rector, quickly discovering his apostolic zeal and charity, expressed his opinion that his new curate was a saint, "his final destiny a very high place in heaven." To the parishioners, Don Bepi (Father Joe) quickly became their friend, sharing not only their troubles but also their simple interests. Years afterwards, when news reached Tombole that he had been elected Pope, one old villager murmured in amazement, "But he used to play bowls with us!"



CARDINAL SARTO (NOW BLESSED PIUS X) DESCENDS TO GONDOLA ON TRIP TO PAPAL CONCLAVE IN ROME IN 1903.

At thirty-two, as rector of Salzano, the one aim of the priest was to devote himself to the spiritual and material needs of his flock, giving away all he had to the poor. On one occasion, when his sister Rosina, who kept house for him, protested that there was no dinner, he replied: "But are there not two eggs for us?" When cholera broke out in his parish in 1875, he worked himself to a state of complete exhaustion, adding to his priestly duties those of nurse, doctor and even grave-digger. However, his days as parish priest were drawing to a close.

In 1875, he became a canon of the cathedral of Treviso. "But I am only a poor country bumpkin!" Monsignor Sarto expostulated. His various abilities quickly led to his being appointed as administrator of the diocese. When he was forty-nine years of age, he was promoted to the see of Mantua, much to his dismay. He immediately wrote to Pope Leo XIII depreciating his merits, but at a further word from authority he submitted as to the Divine Will.

And what were the feelings of his aging mother as she watched her beloved son's gradual rise to power? We may be sure that she was fully conscious of his worth and of the honors bestowed on him, yet it would appear that she was not unduly overwhelmed by them. When he first showed her his episcopal ring, she remarked with a touch of shrewd humor as she fingered her wedding ring, "Truly a beautiful ring, my son. But you would never have had it if I had not first had this one!"

The new task was a formidable one, for Mantua was rife with dissension and spiritual decay. But gradually under a bishop firm and strong yet humble and meek like his Master, the city became one of peace. His fame spread afar and in 1893 he was raised to the purple. Before his establishment as Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto visited his native village. The bells pealed forth as a triumphant throng escorted him to the selfsame church where he had made his First Communion, little knowing at the time to what heights his boyish determination to consecrate himself to God's service would lead him. After Benediction, he set off for home, to see his beloved mother, now eighty years of age and bedridden. The next day he received visits from all and sundry in the humble bed-sitting-room which, with its cheap bed and straw mattress, can be seen to this very day. The big wooden bed in which all the children had been born is missing from his parents' bedroom. Margherita had been obliged to sell it in an hour of need.

The mother had given her Bepi to God and had refused to take him back in her darkest hour. Now, wishing to show her how far her loving care, her sacrifice, her example and teaching had brought him, he showed himself on the third morning vested in his scarlet cappa magna, his gold cross and chain, that is, in all the grandeur of the sacred purple. But she was not to witness his further rise to glory. For the tender farewell at home, in which the old mother clung with passionate tenderness to her son, proved the last. A few months later, on Candlemas day 1894, the Cardinal, absorbed in his duties, received the sorrowful news that she had passed away.

Many people wondered if this man of humble origin would prove capable of the power and pre-eminence which had been thrust upon him. He rose magnificently to the ordeal, winning the proud aristocrats and men of wealth by his charm, yet proving a man of drastic action, as in his proceedings against the anti-clerical municipality of Venice. But first and foremost he was the people's Cardinal, the gondoliers' Patriarch, striving to improve their social conditions by the application of the precepts of *Rerum Novarum* and moving freely among them, his hand ever in his purse. As a consequence the patriarchal palace, like his rectory at Salzarno, was noted for its frugal fare. If the two sisters who kept house for him expressed

(Continued on page 36.)

"I'LL SEE YOU IN HEAVEN"

Stephen P. Barry, a Holy Name man who truly lived his faith, goes to his eternal reward.

THE BELLS of the monastery were tolling, the choir of Benedictine monks chanted the solemn words of the *Benedictus,* the Archabbot chanted the prayers prescribed by the rubrics of the Church for the internment of the faithful. After the choir chanted the responses, the Abbot recited the familiar prayers in English. The coffin was sprinkled with holy water, and the great crowd withdrew. As we walked away a friend said, "Father, it is not a privilege granted to all to witness the burial of a saint."

From the above description one might think that an austere monk who had long lived in the service of the Lord had been buried. But such was not the case. It was the scene at the grave of Stephen P. Barry, a layman and Holy Name man, as he was put in his final resting place in the graveyard of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Vincent at Latrobe, Pennsylvania. But why such honors to a layman?

For years, 26 years to be exact, Stephen Barry had been chairman of the retreat committee of the Diocesan Holy Name Society Union and all the retreats during these years were held at the Benedictine Abbey.

The first year that Steve took charge 256 men made the retreats. In his last year an approximated 2,000 were in attendance. This is just one reason why in death Steve was so honored. At the Requiem Mass which his pastor, Father Leo A. McCrory sang, the Bishop of Pittsburgh, the Most Reverend John F. Deardon, D.D., presided and read the final prayers. In the sanctuary there were Right Reverend Denis Strittmatter, O.S.B., Archabbot of St. Vincent's Abbey, Right Reverend Monsignor Paul E. Curran, O.P., Vicar Apostolic of Fukien, China, and the National Director of the Holy Name Society. In the body of St. Peter's Church, the home parish of the deceased, about fifty priests were present.

For over fifty years Stephen Barry was a member of the Holy Name Society and devoted his entire life to the cause of the Holy Name. While this Holy Name man never married, he was in truth espoused to the cause of honoring Jesus and His Holy Name.

In 1924 at the great National Convention in Washington, D. C., Steve led more than 10,000 Holy Name members from Pittsburgh and marched through



Stephen P. Barry

the streets of the nation's capital in honor of the Holy Name of Jesus. He also attended the National Convention of 1936, in New York.

A story is told that as lineman Steve in his prime, a man six feet, three inches tall, weighing about 240 pounds, could by himself move and rig into place a telephone pole, manifesting his great physical strength. This physical strength was carried over into his spiritual life for his singular energies in matters of the soul proved the strength and depth of his love for his Savior.

There are those who say that the Church gives special public honor only to the rich, but Stephen Barry, born in the little town of New Bethlehem, a laborer who had no formal education with the exception of that which he obtained in a one-room school house, received every possible tribute in the final rites of his Church. An exemplary man of God, he was awarded in 1947 the Vercelli Medal, the highest award given by the National Headquarters of the Holy Name Society.

Steve Barry loved his fellow man, and he especially loved the poor. At Christmas time he made regular rounds of the business houses and companies of his home town appealing for food and clothing that the poor of the city might know something better than the Babe at Bethlehem. In his every action Steve Barry was a Holy Name man.

During the 26 years in which he was on the retreat committee of the Society he would make his own retreat first. Then to each group that he formed he would give a little talk. His grammar sometimes was not correct, and his talks were not eloquent, except in the fact that they were sincere and from the heart and always stressed the love of God, His Son, our Divine Savior.

In the summer of this year, as usual, Steve made his own retreat first and then formed four other groups for retreats. At the end of the last retreat he closed with the words, "I'll see you in Heaven." It was the last speech he made to the last group of retreatants he brought to St. Vincent's Abbey. The words were a sincere, deliberate farewell to his beloved retreatants, for Steve had cancer. His listeners knew it and felt it to be true that this was the last group he would ever bring to his beloved Abbey of St. Vincent.—H. C. G.

With the Cross on His Shoulder

by C. J. Woolen

Father Houben, "The saint influences his fellow men by the Personality of Christ, which shines through him. . . ."

"THE CROSS stands while the earth revolves" is the motto of the Carthusian Order. It is the motto, too, of all Christians, for it means that the Cross is the one tremendous reality as the symbol of salvation, overshadowing all earthly affairs.

The truth will be realized in the life of each Christian in proportion to his nearness to Christ, for nearness to Christ implies nearness to the Cross. Amongst those who have pledged themselves to live close to Christ on His Cross was Father Charles Houben (sometimes spelled "Houban"), a member of the Passionist Congregation, who died towards the end of the last century.

John Andrew Houben, as he was known in the world, was born on December 11, 1821, and was the son of Peter Joseph and Jane Elizabeth Houben, the fifth of ten children. The family appears to have owned a flour mill at Munster-Geleen, a small village in Limbourg, one of the Dutch provinces. Though it is the fashion nowadays to question whether writers do not exaggerate in depicting saintly people in their young days as models of piety, there seems no doubt that young Houben was noted for his love of prayer. He was reputed to be shy, but that may well have been because his thoughts were habitually with Our Lord in the tabernacle. It was there that he loved to spend his spare time. But let no one think that his work was neglected for church, for his studies always took their rightful place, and he was a proficient scholar.

From his early years his mind was set on the priesthood, and Father Delahaye, the good priest of the parish, predicted "This boy will become great." But an unfortunate interruption occurred in his studies: he was called up as a conscript, which involved for him two years of barrack life. We can imagine what a horrible prospect this must have been for this refined, devout youth. Can we wonder that he was regarded by his fellow-soldiers as an "oddity"? Nevertheless, they learned to respect him, and who can doubt that his fine example in the rough life of the barracks was already powerful for the salvation of souls? One of his companions wrote of him that "when he was not in the barracks, he was in the church, and he received Holy Communion every Sunday morning."

All trials, as well as good things, come to an end, and John Houben returned joyfully to resume his studies. He began to recognize the call to the religious life, and when he was twenty-three applied for admission to the Passionist Congregation. He was clothed at St. Michael's, Ere, Belgium, on December 8, 1845. It was a great joy to him that later Pope Pius IX appointed that day to be kept each year as the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady.

BROTHER CHARLES OF ST. ANDREW, as he was called in religion, had the good fortune to pass the year of his novitiate under a great Master of Novices, distinguished for his virtue, learning, and experience of the spiritual life, Father Seraphin. The novitiate in a religious house is no bed of roses, nor is it meant to be. There the novice is tested, disciplined and humbled, that he may be fitted for the future work he has to do. But this period of probation is a time also of happiness, for those youths who are sincere in their ambition have already counted the cost in their desire to do difficult things for God. Brother Charles was, as was doubtless foreseen by those who knew him, an exemplary novice, and was accepted to be professed on December 10, 1846.

The ceremony of religious profession is particularly impressive in a Passionist Retreat. While Brother Charles lay prostrate before the altar, two religious stood by, holding a cross and a crown of thorns. In the words of the Rules and Constitutions of the Congregation, the Passionist "must be truly prepared, for the glory of God, for his own salvation, and that of others, to suffer many things, to be mocked, despised, and willingly to bear afflictions and vexations." Afterwards the cross was placed on his shoulder and the crown of thorns on his head, and he walked in procession round the church. Thus was he reminded of his vocation to follow closely in the steps of his Master.

The life of Father Charles throughout reveals how closely to Christ he always lived. His superiors were said to be "greatly impressed by his holiness." He suffered at this time, however, and also in later years, from a complaint at which the world may well scoff: scrupulosity. It even seems to have been his greatest cross. That may sound strange

to those who have learned to regard scruples as a fault. But God has a way of leading holy persons along strange paths. He may give them the appearance of being in fault; while their own holiness is so hidden from them that their most innocent actions become as sins in their eyes. But there is always a profound difference between the scruples of a saint and lesser souls: the saint never hesitates to obey his spiritual guide.

So if Brother Charles was scrupulous, it was because of his humility. The years of study went by, and at last, on December 21, 1850, he was ordained a priest. Within a year, he left Holland for good.

THE SCENE now passes to England, where Father Dominic Barberi had already begun to prepare the ground for the labor of his brethren. The atmosphere for a missioner in that country, nearly a hundred years ago, must have been not unlike that of a pagan land in the foreign missions today. There were few Catholics, and of those few, many were badly instructed in the Faith. Protestant hatred of the Church was pronounced, and Catholics for the most part had come to live in fear of offending their Protestant neighbors. The spirit of compromise often hindered the work of conversion. Priests were few, and churches poor.

Nevertheless, Father Charles arrived at a time when the tide was just beginning to turn, even if there was little general evidence of it. Only a few months before, the restoration of the hierarchy had been accomplished in England. The Oxford Movement, too, had brought into the Church a number of converts, distinguished for their intellectual gifts. And from Ireland had come numerous Catholics, mostly poor, whose loyalty to the Faith made them the backbone of the Catholic body. The Irish seem to have been destined by the purity of their Faith to contribute largely towards the salvation of their English neighbors.

It was to the Passionist house at Aston that Father Charles first went. Later he was sent to assist in the instruction and direction of the novices at Cotton Hall, in Staffordshire, which had been renamed "St. Wilfrid's" by Father Faber, the then recent convert. He and Newman had just vacated this, their temporary home, for the Oratory, then in its infancy, but afterwards to become a force in the conversion of England. In 1855, the novitiate was removed to Broadway, the beautiful Worcestershire village, and Father Charles remained in charge of St. Wilfrid's parish.

After zealous, though perhaps not conspicuously successful work in England, Father Charles was transferred to the then recently founded Passionist Retreat at Mount Argus, Dublin, where he arrived on July 9, 1857. It is the experience of the Passionist Congregation that every new house of theirs is founded under the shadow of the Cross. Mount Argus was no exception, for the saintly rector, Father Paul Mary, had just died. This was a tremendous sorrow for his brethren in religion, not only from the sense of loss of a well loved member of the community, but also because of the enormous influence for good which he would have doubtless exercised if God had spared him.

THE PASSIONIST experience of apparent failure at first in new undertakings is no doubt paralleled in all good enterprises. But Divine Providence uses it to give greater blessings in the end. The Crucifixion was followed by a glorious Resurrection. And at Mount Argus the death of the rector was more than fully compensated for by the arrival of Father Charles. There begins now a record of crowds and miracles.

The crowds were those who flocked to him, not only to confession, but also for his blessing, and actually to have their ailments and diseases cured. The miracles we must not by any means confine to bodily cures; the miracles of grace worked by him were no doubt stupendous, but those we cannot see. If we concentrate on an account of physical cures, it is only because they are recognizable. It is said that "diseases and infirmities which had baffled human skill vanished at his touch." It was known for a doctor to send to Father Charles a patient he could not cure.

There was a remarkable incident in 1860, when the priest visited a friend at Glendalough. A crowd met him at the railway station and accompanied him in procession to the parish church, some miles away. There he went up into the pulpit, and addressed what had now become a large congregation, for many had joined the procession on the way. But that was not all; his presence in the district led to the hope of miracles, and the sick people of the neighborhood and villages around had been brought to the church to be blessed by him.

It is not surprising that the work of this man of God roused the wrath of the devil. But it is a terrible thought that certain unfriendly members of the medical profession complained that his cures interfered with their work. And to stir up enmity against him, the enemy of souls devised a cunning scheme. It was the custom of Father Charles to bless water with the relic of St. Paul of the Cross, the founder of the Passionist Congregation. This water was taken away by the people and applied to the sick. But soon it was being sold as having been blessed by so saintly a priest.

The scandal was so great that the superiors of Father Charles decided it would be for the greater glory of God to remove him from Dublin. The evil intention which inspired the selling of the water must have caused much suffering to the good priest. About this time, he writes to his sister who was in need of sympathy in troubles of her own: "The Lord chastises whom He loves." On July 3, 1866, he went back to Broadway, to St. Saviour's Retreat.

Father Charles was even then in weak health and seems to have suffered much in spirit from his almost ever present scruples. But the Cross was for him only a spur to activity in the cause of Christ. He was called to the sick day and night. He spent long hours hearing confessions, besides carrying out his other priestly duties.

(Continued on page 36.)

The Day-Star From On High

V. F. Kienberger, O.P.

STARS can be seen even though the sun is at its brightest. But to see the stars by day it is necessary to view them from the depths of a shaft or well. There in the quiet of the earth one can gaze upward, piercing the veiling sunglare, up to the stars.

Life is like that. It is not easy to find the Blessed Christ in the rush and tumult of the highway. He is there nonethe less. We realize it, but somehow we do not comprehend Him. We fail to find Him. It is because we are blinded by the sun's fierce, white light. The world and its million distractions are illumined to dazzle and blind our wavering eyes.

To find Jesus in our noonday search, we must visit Him in His throne room —the church or chapel. We enter the well to see the star; we enter the church to see the Eucharistic Master. The well is always at hand. That is the reason for the door of a Catholic church always swinging wide. For it is the portal of the well and it offers haven to the passerby.

Do you find it difficult to speak with Jesus in the cools and recesses of the chapel? The peace and calm contrasted with the bustle and the turmoil of the street, bring kindred peace and calm to the tired soul. Many times we enter the church "for a minute's visit," to find that others too have learned its value. There is an elderly face, haggard and beaten by the problems of living. Behind the pillar on her knees is a young girl, still eagerly praying for the days of the future. There is the business man, tarrying a moment in anxious consultation with Divine Wisdom; there is the wife, praying for her policeman-husband; there is the young lad, breathing a prayer for success in obtaining a job; there is the fireman, petitioning God for the safety of his pals and himself. All these have heard the call of the Holy Spirit, "Go to Him early in the morning, and let thy foot wear the steps of His doors" (Ecclus. 6:36).

Only from a well may one see a star at high noon. And only in a church can one look past the vigil-light, past the tabernacle door, straight into the beating Heart of the Living God, once wounded in the house of them who loved Him. Only from a well can one see a star at noon. And only from the depths of a dimly lighted church can one pierce the glamor of modern life to find beyond and above it, the King and Lover of us all. He awaits our coming for one purpose. He gives His blessing. He beckons through the open door, saying, "I have chosen and have sanctified this place" (2 Par. 7:16).

Can you refuse the calling Hand of the Master? See, it has a ghastly mark in its flesh. That was the opening a crude nail once made to prove to stubborn hearts how much Christ loved the world. In the depths of the Sacred Heart, there is a haven open to you. You cannot say that you never have need of it. No man can pass through life without finding the need of a counsellor.

The chapel's open door has a certain pathos in it, for we can read in its swinging wide, the call of the Lover to the indifferent beloved. The Master beckons, yet only a few answer. It is not right, but it is true. Human nature seldom considers the things that are for its peace. The tragedy of the world is always in its last analysis, unrequited love.

Then too, there is the happy repose to the open door of the Court of Jesus. Young and old, rich and poor, they file in singly or in pairs to speak a word of love to their Eucharistic Friend. Often they come to lay their plans and troubles before Him. They leave His Divine Presence, smiling. He is the one unfailing Friend, the One Who understands, the One in Whom all may confide. He alone knows the secrets of humanity and keeps these secrets as a sacred trust.

FROM THE WELL one sees the stars and from the depths of the quiet church one finds the Heart of the Divine Friend. That is the lesson we all learn, the lesson we all can read. When we stop for a visit and see others before the Eucharistic shrine, we are strengthened for the day by the holy example of our fellows. The sight of a boy in football togs, of a youthful working man in overalls, each stopping for a moment in thanks to Jesus in the Holy Sacrament, fills the heart with joy and renews one's confidence in our young folks.

There is always room for more "visitors," if only for a minute. On one's way to work there is often a church with its open door. At noon one can find a minute for a visit and a church in which to spend it. The haven, the well, is near at hand. Why then, are you unmindful of the Stars? And at evening when work, "the Matins of the layman," is finished, is there not a moment to revisit the parish church on the way home?

Then, when the fretful days of life and its taxation of body and soul are past, and you stand before the same Jesus—your Judge now—you will know how precious were those brief visits. These "visits" have made you an intimate of Christ, a personal friend of the Master, because you faithfully "dropped in for a minute" when others passed Him by.

Out of the well one sees the stars. And from the quiet of the parish church, one sees the Day-Star from on high—Who is Christ the Lord.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT HEREDITY

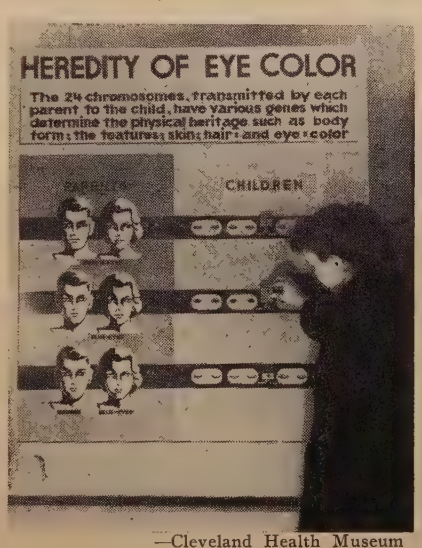
by William Hillary

Forty-eight tiny chromosomes follow God's blueprint for heredity patterns.

IS THERE a scientific background for the common statement that certain things "run in the family"? Can bad habits be passed on from generation to generation? Can a father in some way contribute his abilities to his children? What determines the color of a person's skin, eyes, or hair? Why is it that no matter how many generations of Chinese bind their children's feet, the succeeding generation will have normal feet? Why do African natives have to go through their torturous mutilations with each generation? The Jews have practiced circumcision for many centuries, and yet a male Jewish baby born today is no different from a baby born a thousand years ago! How much do we really know about heredity? What is, and what is not, passed on from parents to their children?

The answers to these and many more questions about heredity in all living species stem from the postulates based on the original findings of one of the greatest Catholic scientists who ever lived, Abbott Gregor Mendel. The laws which his experiments brought to light, and the splendid explanations given to them by Mendel, are today the basis of the modern science of genetics and the fundamentals of the equally important science of biology which is taught to millions of students throughout the world.

The story of this renowned scientist goes back to the year 1822. In that year a boy was born in a small Austrian village to a farmer whose name was Anton Mendel. The child was christened Johann, and as a youngster he showed a great deal of interest in helping his father, who owned a fruit farm and an apiary.



—Cleveland Health Museum

HEREDITY DEMONSTRATION CHART

Young Mendel's one ambition, however, was to rise to the exalted position of village schoolmaster in his native hamlet of Heinzdorf. His parents had neither money nor influence, but his mother, Rosina, made heroic sacrifices to enable him to complete his education. Unfortunately, his health failed, ending any hope that he could achieve his ambition.

The sponsorship of one of hi teachers led to an invitation to join th Augustinian Order at Brühn, and i 1843 he entered the monastery as novice. At the age of twenty-one, h began to devote his life to prayer an study within the ancient monastery' walls, adopting the name of Gregor There his teaching ambitions were partl realized; he taught for several years i the Brühn schools, but he never got teacher's certificate. His two attempts t pass the examination were defeate when he failed his favorite subject natural history. Yet his interest in sci ence and in teaching did not wane.

GREGOR MENDEL discovered most o his laws by experimenting with th common edible pea. A small plot o ground which served as a garden wa his workshop. It is significant that on of the most important sciences of ou day should have begun in so humble setting. Gregor Mendel grew crop afte crop, studying the peas in each nev cluster of pods with the patience an diligence of a diamond cutter.

Mendel conceived that alternativ characteristics like tallness or shortnes are determined by heredity-atoms withi the living cell. These atoms he calle "units"; today we call them "genes"— and their existence has been confirme under the microscope. Tallness an shortness were alternative forms of th

same genetic unit. Such a pair of units is called "allelomophs" by geneticists—or "alleles" for short.

These gene-units, Mendel said, were transmitted from one generation to the next in the sex cells. The male gametes or sex cells, carried one set of the genes; the female gametes carried another set.

And so the heredity riddle was solved in 1865 when Gregor Mendel, as Abbott of the Augustinian monastery at Brühn presented his findings to the Natural Sciences Society. They were published in 1866 in the proceedings of the Society, which were widely circulated to libraries throughout the world. There on library shelves his report gathered dust for a third of a century.

The world did not learn of his discovery until 1900, 34 years after he had reported it, and sixteen years after his death.

In 1899, Hugo De Vries, a Dutchman, Karl Correns, a German, and Erich Tschermak, an Austrian, were carrying out independent researches in heredity. When they began to work up their theses, all three stumbled by accident on Mendel's long-neglected report. They were amazed to discover his detailed theory of heredity, based on ingenious and convincing experiments.

That Mendel succeeded in solving the puzzle of heredity where so many before and after him had failed was no lucky accident. The holy monk and scientist kept a complete record of everything he saw throughout the course of his experiments. Years after his death, bales of records in his precise hand were found in the monastery attic. For many years he had recorded the time of the rising and the setting of the sun, the daily temperature, and the direction of the wind. He studied the life of the bees in the monastery hives in a way that would have done credit to a Fabre or a Maeterlinck.

THE IMPORTANT FACT to remember about heredity is that the chromosomes which you inherited came to you sealed by nature. You cannot change them, add to them, or lose any of them. They are part of your lifetime equipment. In this respect, nature is very fair and impartial about the matter. She sees to it that the bad cannot be passed on any more than the good. It is well, therefore, to understand clearly that heredity concerns the God-made detailed blueprints which you inherited from your parents. It is outside of the powers of man to change them in any way, from the instant of conception to the time of death.

Perhaps at this point, it is well to emphasize that the Mendelian laws of heredity do not in any way, or by any stretch of an agnostic's imagination, pertain to the soul of man. They concern the physical development of most forms of life, from the highest to the lowest, but they are absolutely apart from man's soul.

What's more, the laws of heredity make the arguments of the euthanasiasts and the birth controllers fade into thin air. Nature has been extremely fair, for she never plays favorites in the fortuitous circumstances of noble birth or great wealth. She has not made provisions for a great artist to pass his talent on to his children with any degree of certainty. But she has been equally impartial in seeing to it that a notorious criminal or thief will not pass on his anti-social tendencies.

Starting out as a speck of living matter so small that a magnifying glass would be required to see it, your body has grown in accordance with God's blueprint into the remarkable machine which it now is. Locked within the first cell of human life were a total of forty-eight chromosomes, the tiny units of protoplasm which serve to transfer hereditary traits from generation to generation. Half of the original chromosomes came to you from your father, and the other half from your mother. These microscopic bundles or packets containing the hereditary factors are called chromosomes because they are colorless in their natural state and must be dyed with special colors in order to be seen and studied under the microscope.

The genes are located in the chromosomes in a linear pattern. Owing to the amazing regularity of the process by which a cell divides into two daughter cells, the chromosomes are also equally divided and distributed. When the sperm and egg cells are formed, and when they are joined, the genes are transmitted and recombined from one generation to the next according to the precise laws that Gregor Mendel discovered in the garden pea.

There is no absolute, one-to-one relation between a specific gene and a specific trait—no gene for dark hair or for height or for "mental endowment." Each gene is only a link in the development of a trait. A gene for clubfoot, for instance, makes for an inclination, a potentiality, toward the appearance of clubfoot, but whether this potentiality will become reality depends on the interplay of life processes. A slight variation in timing or in the environment may decide one way or the other. The clubfoot defect may appear in one foot, in both feet or in neither.

The amount of variation in some life processes is small, in others large. A man's blood type, for example, remains the same throughout his life, but the color of his hair changes. The Caucasian's hair remains straight or wavy and the Negro's kinky, regardless of any change in environment or training.

SCIENCE finally has caught up with the facts behind that tense question which besets the mind of every potential parent, "Will it be a boy or a girl?" It has been established that it is the father, and not the mother, who determines the sex of a child, and this fact alone should bolster the feeling of responsibility of every man who paces up and down the corridor of a maternity hospital. The instant the two packets of chromosomes come together to form the life-bundle of 48, the sex of the potential child is fixed forever.

The original speck of living matter from which your body began to grow has multiplied itself hundreds of billions of times. If you are an adult, there

(Continued on page 35.)

Full Cycle To Murder

by T. E. Holloway

THE PRESENT PERSECUTION of the Church in the countries that have the misfortune to be behind the Iron Curtain brings to mind the sufferings of Catholics in the early days of our religion.

Of course the first victim was Christ, Himself. And He predicted the persecution of His followers: "Yes, the hour is coming for everyone who kills you to think he is offering worship to God. And these things they will do because they have not known the Father nor Me."

In the early days of the Church, all roads led to Rome. The Eternal City soon became the headquarters of the Church, as it remains to this day. But it was not long before the pagan Romans began to realize that Christianity and the worship of the Emperor could not live side by side. Likewise, in our day, we all perceive that Communism and Christianity cannot exist together. Then as now, it was the enemies of Christianity that did the persecuting. Roman paganism was afraid of Christianity, just as atheistic Communism is today. Appealing to reason was useless to those early pagans just as it is to the Communists today. Reason would quickly show the absurdity of the pagans' stand, so instead of argument the pagans turned to the murder of the Christians. We observe a deadly parallel. The modern pagans murder the Christians for the same reasons as did the ancients.

The Christians worshiped one God, Whose Son had come on earth to redeem them. The pagans of ancient Rome were supposed to adore an assortment of gods who were but little different from human beings, with very questionable "divine" morals. Actually, the Romans of that period did not take their old gods very seriously, but they did realize that Christianity was in conflict with the Roman state. The Emperor was an object of worship. His will was law. He was terrified at the growth of a religion that taught that he was only a human being, that brute force is not supreme, that the State is not the final authority. And we see that the Soviets today, as proved by their persecutions, are similarly aroused over the obstacle that is Christianity.

Nowadays we hear about "underground movements" in the countries dominated by the Soviet tyrants. In early Roman times there were movements that were really underground. Underlying the city of Rome is a layer of sand, and this was needed for building. The artisans dug down to this sand and brought it up for making mortar. Apparently, a hole like a well was dug first, and then the workmen would shovel the sand out from one side and another, until there was something like a room far below the streets and houses.

We can easily imagine that a Christian chased by a mob of Romans might have taken refuge in one of these holes. They were ready-made hide-outs. Or perhaps a Christian had been put to death. His friends scorned to cremate the body, as the pagans did. They wished to bury the martyrs in blessed ground. Why not dig a grave for him in one of the sand pits?

Gradually, the Christians enlarged these excavations. They found that beneath the sand was a layer of soft stone. They began making tunnels in this rock, and as their members died or were killed they buried the bodies along the sides of the tunnels.

The tunnels, which came to be called "catacombs," were continued and even, in places, broadened into rooms far underground. Meetings were held in these rooms, and Masses were said. We may be sure that anyone allowed at these secret meetings had to pass an inspection to prove that he was a friend. But even then our Catholic forefathers were not safe. The Romans had spies, and some Catholics, yielding to temptation and bribery, joined the persecutors. The supposed friends often betrayed the faithful. To become a Catholic meant that one was almost sure to become a martyr.

The faithful were crucified, thrown to wild beasts imported for the dread spectacles from Africa and elsewhere, and tormented with ingenious machines that would cause the most racking pain before a miserable death put an end to extreme suffering. The Roman crowd was given a free circus when the Christians were exposed in the arena of the Coliseum to the lions and panthers and wild bulls. Again we find the deadly parallel—the modern persecutors simply replacing the wild beasts with more modern and scientific methods of murder.

THE ROMAN persecution continued for some three centuries, sometimes dying down under a merciful emperor, then reviving when a barbarous one came into power.

At one time the pagans of Rome were so sure of their success that they actually proposed erecting a column having an inscription to proclaim that hated Christianity had been exterminated. What would be their surprise today to learn that the powerful Roman empire is but a memory, of interest chiefly to scholars, while the Church that they persecuted is more powerful—though in a different way—than the empire ever was! Powerful in a different way, indeed, appealing to minds and hearts and souls instead of to the lash and the sword and the gibbet.

The Blood of Christ and the blood of the martyrs were too much for the philosophy of terror, force and blind obedience to the will of despots. And again, after nearly two thousand years, the Church will again successfully resist the same old persecution that relies on fear, force, the subjugation of the individual, and the deification of the State.

Maybe You're Afraid to Adopt a Child?

by William W. Buechel

Opening your home, with your heart, to a child is an act of joyful charity.

I WAS walking up the steps leading to our public library the other day when down those same steps came an old friend whom I hadn't seen for quite a spell. After the usual "long time no see" routine, my friend asked, "And how are your two adopted daughters?"

Well, frankly, I was stunned for a full minute, I think. My two daughters are such a living part of me that, well, I had completely forgotten they were adopted. The only time I do remember they are adopted children is when someone else, like my friend, brings it up. Otherwise, I do not think of it at all.

That, I think, is one of the great blessings given adoptive parents by Almighty God—this kind of forgetfulness. Like the woman mentioned by Christ who, because her hour is at hand, is saddened, but who, once her child is delivered, forgets her pain and sorrow for joy that a man is born into the world, so too adoptive parents forget the fact of adoption, for joy that a child is given to them, they who no longer had hope of ever fondling and loving a child of their own.

Many people, unacquainted with adoption at close range, have many queer ideas and notions about it. You cannot really blame them, either, for adoption is a pretty serious business, and can well mean happiness or misery for all concerned. As a matter of fact, not too many years ago, before modern methods of child placing were thought of, couples who adopted children unknown to them, and other than orphaned children of friends and relatives, were thought to be extremely foolish, to put it mildly. Adoption of unknowns was even considered to be a frighteningly dangerous procedure.

There were grounds for the fears, too. Sometimes, babies were adopted, and later found to be mental defectives. Some were mildly so; others became dangerous. Still others were found to have the dreaded social disease germs, or blindness, or many other varieties of defection. Oftentimes, a couple with no other thought in mind than to be decent parents to an unwanted child, lived the rest of their lives regretting their charitable action. Still others loved their adopted child with such a strong parental love, that their hearts were literally torn to shreds when loopholes in adoption laws allowed the real parent or parents to take back their child, even after many years of such voluntary separation. Looking at all these aspects of adoption in the "good old days," it is small wonder that many people today look askance at the beautiful act of adoption. You cannot really blame them. That is why, in this present article, I would like to try to dispel some of these old and, today, untrue notions of adoption.

IT IS TRUE, as it was years ago, that most children put out for adoption are the offspring of illegitimate parents. Note that I do not say they are illegitimate children. There is no such person as an illegitimate child. Every child born, no matter in wedlock or out of it, is a legitimate child, no matter what the state or anyone else says. It is the parents, guilty of heinous sin, who are the illegitimate ones. They are the ones who have violated the law, both of God and the state. The child has violated no law. The parents are the ones who should bear the stigma of illegitimacy, not the innocent child.

Since most children put out for adoption are from illegitimate unions, although not in every case, mind you, there is always present the bugaboo of venereal disease transmitted to the child by the illegitimate parents. It is an open threat. Years ago it was a definite reality in many cases. Medical science in those days was not far enough advanced to be able to detect the dread diseases in a small child and, even when the disease was detected, it was more or less powerless to stay its crippling ravages. Today, however, the story is a far different one. Medical science can detect accurately any signs of such diseases even in a small infant, and can effectively combat it. Furthermore, any child unfortunate enough to have such a disease will not, under most circumstances, be placed out for adoption. It is only when relatives of the child, or the adoptive parents, have been fully informed as to the child's medical history and still want to adopt him regardless of these facts, that such

an adoption is allowed.

Now, one thing you must understand right from the beginning is this: if you want the beneficial protection of modern day methods of child placing, you must adopt through an agency. Any other way may be fraught with danger and heartache. An agency will be over-solicitous for your welfare and that of the child. Once you legally adopt a child through an authorized agency, you need have no fears of any kind for the future as regards your adopted child. You can be sure he will be physically and mentally fit, for the agency would not allow you to adopt a child that was unfit in these regards. Furthermore, you can be absolutely sure that all requirements, all legal details demanded by your state for legal adoption, will be fully met with, and will not years later backfire in a way that might deprive you of your child. The only safe way to adopt a child is through an agency. That is an important fact that needs to be stressed over and over again. Steer away from the black market, and steer away from even legitimate sources, such as family doctors, to make sure that all loopholes through which you might eventually be deprived of your child are plugged up. Only through an agency can you be sure of this.

MANY PEOPLE SAY, "Well, I don't know whether I can love someone else's child as I would my own. I don't want to take a child and then not really love him with a real parent's love. It wouldn't be fair to me, and certainly not to the child." That's an old adoption bugaboo, and it needs to be quashed right here and now. In my own case, my wife and I adopted our two daughters only after we had already two boys of our own flesh and blood. This was one of the biggest obstacles we had to hurdle: would we love our little girls like we love our boys? Manifestly, it would be most unfair and unjust to have different degrees of love for our children, boys and girls. It was necessary that we be sure we would be able to love our girls just as fully as we loved our boys. We would have to decide before adoption that there would be no difference in love between them.

It took us a while to make up our minds. Rush in such an important matter is unwise, to say the least. Well, we finally decided that our parental hearts were large enough to embrace with equal love two little daughters and a couple of sons too. So we went ahead with the adoption. Actually, of course, the problem settled on the first little girl, Roseanne Marie. Two years later, when we adopted Mary Ellen, there no longer was a problem, for we knew then what we only guessed at and hoped for before. Believe me, prospective adoptive parents, don't ever let a problem like this stand in your way. If you are big enough and good enough to want to adopt a child in the first place, you will have plenty of real parental love for your child. You will find that your love for your adoptive child is such that you know deep down inside you that no real physical parent ever experienced more love than you do for your adopted child. It is, doubtless, God's wonderful way of blessing adoptive parents.

And even if, later, you do have children of your own, as often happens after adoption, you will never place your physical child ahead of your adopted child. They will always be equally your children. Anyway, just giving physical birth to a baby doesn't make the real father and mother. It's the years unrelenting toil and hardship, the long nights spent soothing feverish brows, the anxious hours of heartsick worry at various times of the child's life, the bruised knees that need patching, the quivering hands that need and get reassurance that all is right with their little world — all these moments and hours and days and years are what truly make the father and the mother. The act of physical birth is but the beginning, the initiation into parenthood. The act of adoption ranks beside it. From that point on, all parents, whether adoptive or not, start out equal. What they do with the supreme privilege that is theirs, depends entirely on themselves.

WE LOVE our Rosanne and Mary Ellen just as surely and as equally as we love our Bill and Paul. There isn't so much as an iota of difference between them. If we were placed in the predicament of having to choose in an emergency between them, we just couldn't do it. We have four children, all equally ours, all equally loved by us and all equally a living part of us and our lives. There is no difference, prospective adoptive parents, no difference at all. We know, because we have had the pleasures and cares of physical birth and of adoptive birth as well. We do not need to guess or wonder. We *know*.

Another thought that comes into the minds of persons thinking of adoption is this, "How do these children turn out? Maybe they've got a bad streak in them, because of the accident of their birth." This is a perfectly reasonable thought. A parent wants to be proud of his children at all times. He doesn't want some scandal to mar his pride for his family. And you can't really blame him, either.

You may not know it, but a child even as young as three months can be given and is given psychological tests to determine if there might be some adverse hereditary influence with a propensity to criminality. Any child showing any such signs at all is never put out for adoption by an agency. Furthermore, science has proved that, aside from physical defects, most causes of such criminality spring from improper home life and evil environment.

A child with a secure and happy homelife, with parents who regularly go to Confession and Communion, who live lives of purity and sobriety in their married life, who teach their

(Continued on page 35.)

NEWS AND VIEWS

Harry C. Graham, O.P.



H. C. Graham, O.P.

BLESSED JOHN OF VERCELLI, PRAY FOR US!

The program we began some two years ago has taken on great proportions. Holy Name men throughout the country are praying for our general intention. Parochial units open their meetings with the little ejaculation, "Blessed John of Vercelli, Pray for our Society." Graces have been granted through the intercession of our Holy Founder. We earnestly urge all our members to continue their prayers for this general intention. On October 12, in the great Holy Name parade through the streets of Newark, New Jersey, a float in honor of Blessed John and depicting his preaching in regard to the Holy Name led the contingent of the parish of St. Antoninus and impressed those who witnessed the parade.

In Memoriam

On Saturday, October 18, there died in Pittsburgh, Pa., one of the first Vercelli Medalists, Mr. Stephen P. Barry, who had long been an ardent Holy Name man. Mr. Barry received the Vercelli Medal in 1947 at the National Convention in Boston. A knowledge of his life and work gives us a feeling of certainty that Steve was received in Heaven by the founder of our Society. All of us pray that his soul may rest in peace.

Columbus

On October 12, on the grounds of Saint Joseph's Priory in Somerset, Ohio, the annual Holy Name Rally of the Columbus Diocesan Union was held. The birthplace of Catholicity in Ohio, the parish of St. Joseph's, was host to more than three thousand Holy Name members who assembled to do honor to Jesus Christ. A striking feature of the rally was the altar from which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. The backdrop of the altar was a cluster of thousands of autumn leaves making a sanctuary of rare, natural beauty. The altar was designed by Brother James Murphy, O.P., of Saint Joseph's Priory.

The Purple Tongue

The "Namer" is the official bulletin of Saint Boniface Holy Name Society in Cleveland. In September, the bulletin was sent to all members of the Society as well as a program enumerating the events of the coming activities year from September, 1952 until July, 1953. On the back of the pocket-size program there was an eye-catching caption "Purple Tongue." It began; I swear because: ———. Then followed eight reasons why a man swears and ended with the final reason, "It is a strong way to express a weak mind." May we have fewer weak minds.

New Directors

The Archdiocese of Baltimore traditionally has been Holy Name minded. The first National Convention of the Holy Name Society was held in 1911 in the Archdiocese of Baltimore. The present Bishop of Richmond, Most Reverend Peter L. Ireton, D.D., was once one of its spiritual directors. Bishop Ireton was succeeded by Monsignor Harry Quinn but, due to illness, Monsignor Quinn has relinquished his duties and a new director, Father John C. Griffith, has been appointed. On a recent visit to the offices of the National Headquarters, the director and his assistant, Father Maurice Wolfe, outlined their plans for a reorganization of the Society in the Archdiocese. An Archdiocesan Convention will be held on December 9 and Father Griffith has invited the writer to attend. This event will bring me great happiness to go to the Archdiocese where our Society when young and new received the much-needed encouragement. We look forward to this event with much pleasure.

Most Reverend Edward D. Howard, D.D., Archbishop of Portland, Oregon, recently announced the appointment of



DIOCESAN HOLY NAME RALLY AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, SOMERSET, OHIO

Reverend Alcuin Heibel as Archdiocesan Director of the Holy Name Society. In making this appointment, the Archbishop stressed, in particular, the study club work of the Society. We at Headquarters shall do everything in our power to foster this admirable work.

Rallies

October is certainly the month of activity for the Holy Name Society. From east to west, from north to south, there are conventions, parades, and rallies in honor of the Most Holy Name. On Sunday, October 26, at Bellevue, Washington, the Holy Name Societies of Washington gathered. A Communion-Mass opened the day's ceremonies at which the Most Reverend Archbishop Thomas A. Connelly presided. According to latest reports, it was one of the most successful convocations ever held by the Seattle organization.

On October 5, the Archdiocesan Union of Ottawa held its Annual Rally. Reports from there were very encouraging for the continued expansion of the Society in that Archdiocese.

Away down south, from Miami, Florida, comes word of a forthcoming Convention. Incidentally, the Society of Corpus Christ Parish in Miami, with the Spiritual Director Father F. J. Finnegan's zeal, has been most successful with pamphlet racks. According to reports, "Pamphlet Racks by the Railroad Tracks" are paying off. This parochial unit of the Society has placed these racks in railroad stations in Miami and found they are quite popular. The future intention of the Society is to place pamphlet racks in the Miami airport which serves Central and South America and the Caribbean areas. We congratulate Father Finnegan on his well thought-out program.

The Diocese of Marquette held a series of Holy Name Rallies which began on October 5. For six successive Sundays such rallies took place in various areas of the Marquette diocese and the report is that each one held has been very successful.

New York State Convention

On Saturday, October 24, at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City, the first State-wide Convention of Holy Name Societies was held. His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph A. Burke, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, opened the proceedings with a prayer. The chairman of the Convention was Martin Collett, president of the New York Archdiocesan Union. Bishop Burke gave an enthusiastic and inspiring address. Morgan F. Sheehan, past president of New York Archdiocesan Union, was the principal lay speaker. Mr. Sheehan's talk evoked many questions pertinent to the program of a Society at both the parish and diocesan level. Mr. James Rhatigan, president of Brooklyn Archdiocesan Union, presided at the second session of the Convention. Mr. Stanley C. Collins, past president of the Buffalo Union gave the principal address at this session. The Resolutions drawn up by a special committee were adopted unanimously by the Convention. In a later issue of the *Holy Name Journal,* these Resolutions will be printed and perhaps they will be adopted by other Diocesan Holy Name Conventions.

On Sunday morning, October 26, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, more than twelve hundred men from various Holy Name units of the six dioceses and the one archdiocese of the state gathered for a Communion Breakfast. The men received Holy Communion at the eight o'clock Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, offered by His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman. At the breakfast the assembled members heard a talk by Bishop Joseph A. Burke of Buffalo, and the Honorable James A. Farley, former Postmaster General. The men who attended this two-day Convention attested to the success of the first State-wide Convention of Holy Name Societies and hoped that it would become an annual practice.

Notes

The Holy Name Society of Greensburg, Pa., sends word of their officers' Training Sessions which have been conducted in October. The meetings were well attended and will bring good results in the Union.

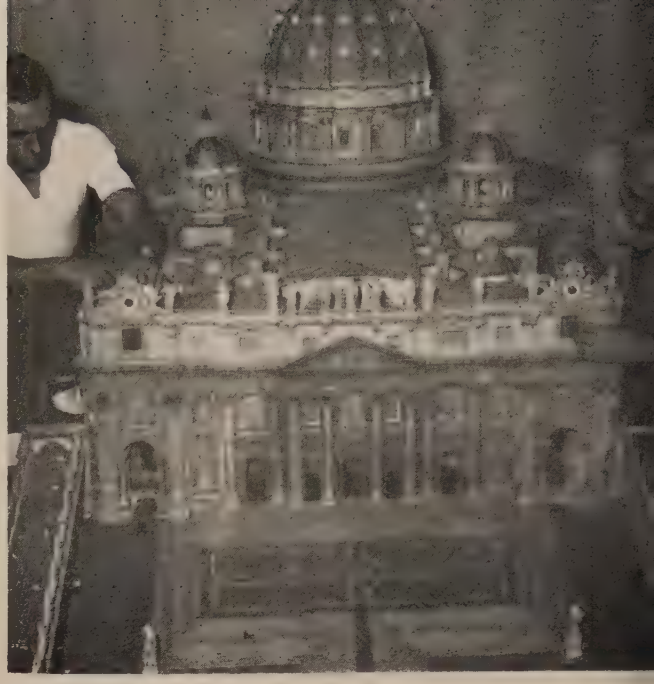
The Membership Campaign in Pittsburgh was a splendid success. Father Paul Lackner, Spiritual Director, seems to have new ideas every time one sees him. Father Lackner has done considerable work at the Penitentiary where he has introduced the Society.

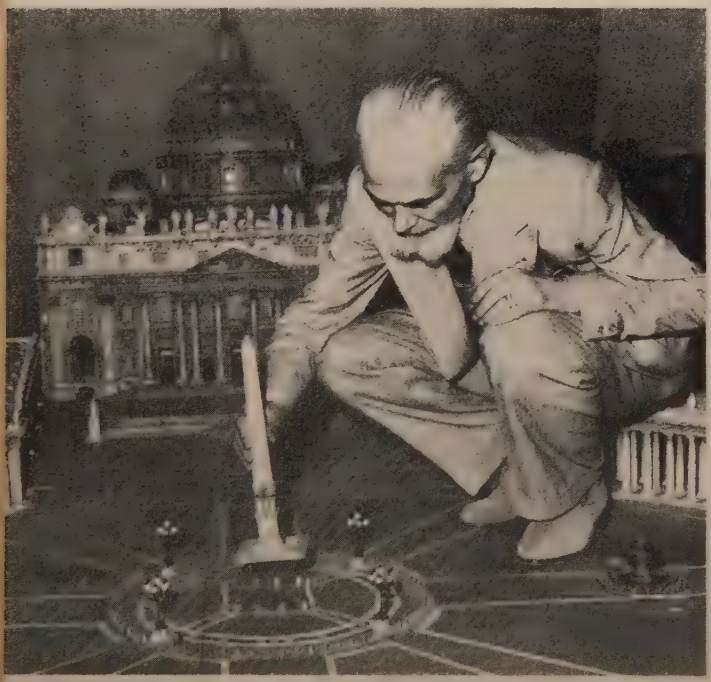
In Steubenville, Ohio, on Sunday, October 12, the eighth demonstration in honor of the Holy Name was held. This was the most successful Holy Name demonstration ever held by this diocese.

Milwaukee completed its Officers' Training Program by October 1, and, from reports received, the Executive Office of the Society considers this School as most successful of the many sessions held.

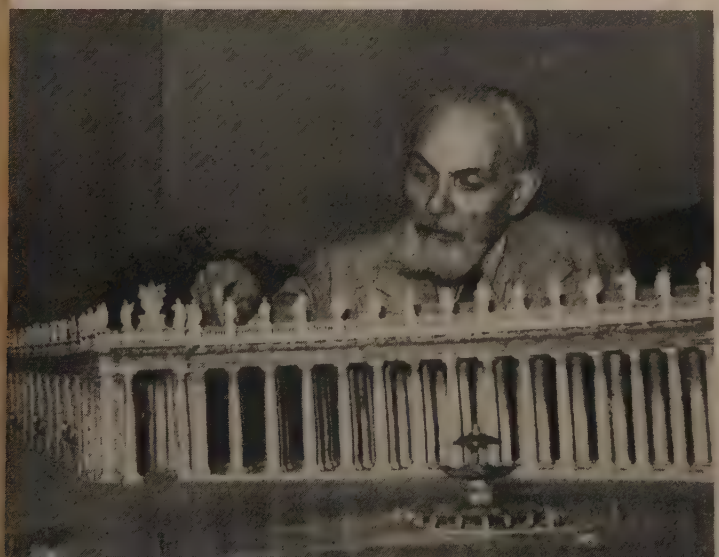
From far away Hawaii, in the Diocese of Honolulu, a new activities program has started. The new Spiritual Director, Father Timothy L. Jacobs, SS.CC., has begun the new activities in a splendid way. We are pleased that Bishop James J. Sweeney has chosen such an active and energetic priest as Spiritual Director.







Perfection of details is illustrated by Attilio Savoia as he makes some minor adjustments on the finished model (upper left) of St. Peter's. Details of the central section of the Square are evident as the modeled Heliopolis Obelisk (center) is set in place. The last of the 162 statues of saints atop the Bernini colonnade is straightened (lower left) by Mr. Savoia. The fragile statues spaced above the seemingly massive colonnade of pillars in four elliptical rows duplicate reality of the Great Square. Lucio, who assists his father, places tiny bells (above) in position. Realistic fountains (below) add touch of perfection to the model.





The "Pope's Cathedral" In Miniature



It is difficult to realize from cut (above) that picture is only of model of the real Basilica. Every detail is executed with exactness. Statues o and His Apostles, above the facade, the vast dome, the columns— perfectly proportioned. At steps to the entrance are statues of Sain and Paul. The entire model, on which the Savoias worked for more t years, is shown (below) as it appeared on Holy Year exhibition in

Man's proudest achievements of construction, de-gn, or beauty are almost inevitably subjects for the illed modelist who in miniature reproduces faith-lly the structure or the object admired. Inventors so utilize models for patent purposes and engineers equently perfect their products through the use of ial models, but the world over our most widely nown models are those which represent architecture's iumphs. One of the finest of such models is one of ie famous Basilica of St. Peter in Rome, the world's premost Cathedral, eminent both in importance and size. The work of Attilio Savoia, 73, and his son ucio, 27, the St. Peter's model is the first completely curate miniature reproduction of Christendom's ntral Church, complete even to the Bernini Colon-ades surrounding the square, and is done in a scale 1/100th.

A popular exhibit in Rome itself, during the Holy Year of 1950 when the city on the Tiber as visited by pilgrims from all corners of the orld, the model of St. Peter's Basilica is soon be seen by many more people. Mr. Savoia nd his son are planning to exhibit their handi-ork in various cities throughout the world and ope to include on the tour New York and a ew other American cities.

The Savoias, of Taranto, Italy, perhaps were ded in their hobby of modeling by the ex-llent museum in their town, which gave them ie opportunity of studying at first hand the reek statuary and other art objects there on chibition. This advantage was of inestimable alue especially when the father and son team as constructing the models of the 162 statues saints which surmount the colannades.

Undoubtedly the plaster model of the world mous basilica will attract attention wherever is exhibited. Many who have visited St. eter's will be delighted, to see the perfection the model, and many others will gain for ie first time an appreciation of both the mag-tude and the beauty of the "Pope's Cathe-ral."



The Junior Holy Name Society



FATHER PATRICK MARTIN

November 5, 1952

DEAR GANG:

The thought of death very seldom occurs to the minds of those around your age. Death? That's for the old folks. That's for those who have lived their lives. That's for those in their seventies, their eighties, and their nineties. We're young. We're full of life. We have many long years ahead. Don't be too sure. It may be later than you think.

However, I am not writing this note with the idea of scaring you. Most probably you are right and you have many good years ahead. Many years to do with as you wish. Many years to gain your eternal life or eternal death. What I am interested in is how you use those years. Because on your use or abuse of those years, few or many, depends your salvation.

The reason I am injecting this somber note of death in these monthly letters is twofold.

The first reason is of course to help you. That is the whole purpose of all these letters to help you to be better boys and men and to get you to draw ever nearer and nearer to our Divine Lord by prayer and imitation. St. Augustine, I think, once said: "Remember thy last end and thou shalt never sin." So the thought of death then, should not necessarily make us sad. It should be a help in behaving ourselves.

At death, I shall have to answer for what I do now. How will I feel about it then? At death will I call myself all kinds of a fool because I gave into a temptation today? How will things look to me then? If we could only train ourselves to look at things now, as they will appear to us then, we would have less trouble saying yes, or no, now. As Pilate said, "What I have written, I have written." We can say the same. Will our faces be red when we read what we have written? Get out the eraser while there is still time. Or better still, remember death, and never write it.

The second reason for the mention of death in this note is the fact that this is the month of November, dedicated to a remembrance of the Souls in Purgatory. Many of you, I am sure, have lost some of your relatives and friends, perhaps even your parents. Did you love them in life? Then don't forget them in death. Your prayers, your sacrifices, your good deeds can benefit them during this month and every month.

How about sacrificing some of your sleep and getting up in the morning one or two days during the week and going to Mass and receiving Holy Communion. The Mass is the greatest means of helping the Poor Souls. Offer this sacrifice with the priest and add it to your own sacrifice to ransom some of them from Purgatory.

Have you ever thought of handing in a list of the names of your dead so that they can be remembered in all the Masses celebrated in your parish church during the month? Don't leave it to Mom to hand in a list. You should hand one in too.

Then of course there is the merely selfish motive of helping ourselves here and hereafter. We have exams facing us. Let's ask the Poor Souls to help us. And supposing you release one soul from Purgatory. Do you think that person will ever forget you? And you may need a friend later on if the writing on your slate isn't too good when you meet up with death.

On this second Sunday of November, if you haven't done anything about it yet, promise our Lord that you are going to be less forgetful of those who are out of sight. May God keep them and you in His care.

Sincerely,

FATHER MARTIN

LABOR-MANAGEMENT JOTTINGS

"Capital cannot do without Labor: Labor cannot do without Capital"

—POPE PIUS XI

by Charles B. Quirk, O.P.

A SURE SIGN of impending winter seems to be the threat of another coal strike. As we write this column in mid-October, John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers are indulging their almost perennial prerogative of placing the nation over the barrel as they jockey for position in their dispute with the coal operators—and the U.S. Government. The ingredients of the current Lewis spectacle are these. During the first week of October a $1.90 a day increase was included in the contract signed by the principal coal producers of the Northern and Southern bituminous coal fields. As supplementary concessions to the bargaining strength of the miners the operators also agreed to increase the 30 cent per ton royalty paid into the union welfare and pension fund to 40 cents. Because of prevailing Wage Stabilization Board regulations, however, the coal owners informed Mr. Lewis that it was impossible for them to honor their commitments until the WSB gave the green light. It is in an effort to force the hand of the Board that the United Mine Workers now stand poised on the verge of another large-scale work stoppage in the nation's vital coal mines.

The Lewis Strategy

If there is one thing that makes John L. Lewis the great labor leader that he undoubtedly is, it is his genius in planning and carrying out the strategy of a possible strike. The carefully arranged phases of the present strike threat clearly indicate the brilliance of the Lewis technique.

During the recent steel strike Mr. Lewis literally sat back to watch developments. The object in mind was that of gearing his own wage demands to a figure above that obtained by Mr. Murray of the Steelworkers. Obviously, then, the demands of higher union politics made it imperative that the miners' wage gains should be greater than those of the steel workers. As a matter of fact this is exactly what happened. The steel industry agreed to pay Murray's men 16 cents more an hour plus fringe benefits totaling eight cents an hour. The negotiated miners' contract calls for 24 cents more per hour, plus ten cents more royalty per ton of coal. The successive steps by which Lewis achieved this result were substantially the following.

Throughout the summer months the aging mine chief remained close to Washington as he clothed his campaign for the Fall contracts in an air of almost impenetrable mystery. Gradually, however, the rumor was spread about that Mr. Lewis firmly believed in the essential health of the coal industry. He could see nothing but good times ahead. Projected against the cumulative evidence of basic difficulties in the coal industry, the alleged Lewis pronouncement implied just one thing for coal management. John L. would shortly submit his estimate for the cost of maintaining peace in the soft-coal fields.

In some quarters it was believed that the demands of the mine chief would be relatively mild. It was pointed out that substantial stocks of soft coal were in the hands of most consumers. Coal prices were not steady. The amount of coal mined by non-union workers had greatly increased. And, finally, government wage controls would not permit any notable wage increase. However, more realistic observers reminded the optimists that Mr. Lewis had been confronted with each and all these difficulties on previous pre-bargaining occasions and had emerged on the long end of the contract.

The Lewis Pattern Emerges

By the last week in August the pattern of the Lewis 1952 strategy began to crystalize. Share-the-work plans were submitted to the coal operators with the objective in view of providing some mechanism for restricting coal output. Once before, in 1949, Mr. Lewis had proposed a three-day work week for his miners. The operators had rejected the idea because they considered it a union threat to their managerial prerogatives and because, also, they maintained that such action might be subject to legal suit under anti-trust laws. Restraint of production, the operators held, could be construed as monopolistic collusion and be penalized by the U. S. Government. This year Mr. Lewis had another idea which he called the "penalty wage."

Briefly, the "penalty wage" would operate in this manner. Coal operators would limit their production to three days a week. The restriction of output, however, would not be the result of agreement among the industry's owners. Rather, it would result from the prohibitive added cost of paying miners greatly increased straight time hourly wage rates *for every day worked beyond the stipulated three days.* Provision for the increased rates would be included in the miners' contract. The effect of the Lewis plan would be to spread the

available work among all soft-coal miners in areas covered by United Mine Workers' contracts. Actually, miners of anthracite coal have had a production control plan for some time. Only the "captive mines" owned by the steel companies would seemingly oppose the "penalty wage" technique. Miners in these pits have been averaging five to six day work-weeks, which are approximately two days per week above the average miner's week.

About the same time that Mr. Lewis was proposing his "penalty wage" he was accelerating pressure on the operators by "staggering" the expiration dates of their contracts. The Taft-Hartley Act requires that a sixty-day notice be given by a union before the date upon which it intends to terminate its contract. Mr. Lewis informed the various coal operators of future contract termination late in July. Of greater significance than the resulting strike possibilities for September or early October, however, was the fact that *none of the contracts were to be terminated on the same day or week.* By staggering contract terminations Lewis placed each operator in the disadvantageous position of bargaining with him alone without the complete knowledge of what the mine chief would demand of each competitor. Very simply, if negotiations with Lewis failed to produce a contract the subsequent strike would find *the lone operator producing no coal while his competitors, having signed contracts, would be strike-free.*

The Final Touch

Although no one knew precisely what the final Lewis wage demands would be, the mine chief prepared both operators and the nation for the worst by declaring a "memorial holiday" for his men on August 25. The "holiday,"—officially a memorial observance in commemoration of the miners who had lost their lives in the mines over the years—was ten days in duration. He implicitly served notice on the deliberating operators—and the public—that his word was still law in the nation's mines and that this stoppage was merely a preview of what could happen if his contract terms were not honored by the industry.

The stage was set for the final scene of Mr. Lewis' shrewdly acted drama. With deft moves John had employed his props to their best advantage. The actors had spoken their lines flawlessly. It remained only for the hero to move to front and center. Just before the curtain was rung down in October John was to be seen clasping hands with the operators over a signed contract that gave his miners the biggest wage raise conceded to any group of American workers in 1952. There was to be a sequel. Uncle Sam had to place his signature on the agreement before it could become operative. The Lewis contract called for wage increases which are approximately 5 per cent above those allowed by the Wage Stabilization Board's basic cost of living formula. No one doubts that the Wage Board will find some means of granting Mr. Lewis what he wants. It always happens that way.

Economic Implications

Perhaps in no other instance of contemporary industrial relations is the fallacy of "ever higher wages" so clearly evident as in the case of John L. Lewis' miners. Over the last decade we have called attention to the fundamental weakness in the Lewis position. In summary form it is this. The soft coal industry under normal non-war conditions produces more coal than the nation's industries can use. But oil, hydro-electric power, and natural gas have displaced soft coal in a number of industries. And the relatively high cost of soft coal moves other segments of the economy to seriously consider other fuels for the future.

While it is true that coal is employed extensively in the creation of all manner of synthetic products the demand of the new industries has not yet compensated for the almost irretrievably lost demand of the traditional users of coal. The constant Lewis pressure for increased wages confronts the industry with the impossible situation of progressively greater production costs for a commodity whose market has been permanently contracted. Operators, consequently, are faced with one of two possible alternatives. Either they are forced out of the industry entirely or they increasingly resort to labor-saving devices. In both cases partial or full unemployment among miners will result. Briefly, then, and from a purely economic standpoint, Mr. Lewis is doing his unionists the great disservice of pricing their labor right out of the market.

Moral Considerations

That coal miners have a right to a living annual wage is indisputable. That the peculiar nature of their work certainly justifies the approximately $18 a day wage rate they will now receive can be readily admitted. That each ton of coal should be assessed a certain small sum to sustain an adequate pension and welfare plan is wholly defensible. And that John L. Lewis has been the greatest single force in making all this actually or potentially a fact is undeniable. Granted the right of coal miners to the benefits that the Lewis strategy has achieved, there still remains the question of a conflict between the rights of the miners and the larger claims of the common good—either of the miners themselves or of the nation as a whole.

It is not easy to resolve this clash of rights. But this much is clear. Within the forseeable future far fewer miners will receive high wages and far more workers in the country's coal pits will be without jobs precisely because the Lewis insistence on straight-time wage increases will force marginal producers to the wall and efficient producers into the wider use of labor-saving machinery. Furthermore, the yearly Lewis threat to the nation's economic stability will shortly generate such a general public protest that not only Lewis' miners but every union in the country will be subjected to increasing government regulation which is the prelude to Socialism.

We hope and pray that Mr. Lewis will seriously ponder the implications of the facts of which he is well aware. And may his future decisions be governed by the imperative of Social Justice rather than by the norm of expediency.

Censorship -- Good or Bad?

by Thomas W. Poster

The Land of the Free, the Home of the Brave—we still need civilized order and restraint.

CENSORSHIP IS inspection with power to suppress anything objectionable and harmful. It operates in various spheres. In one of its forms, for example, it protects civilian government agencies from releasing information if the agency feels national security is involved. That censorship is strictly enforced, though according to the great American free press, it is often unjustifiable because such censoring gives the agencies an excuse to withhold "embarrassing" information when national security is not actually involved.

Censorship of films like "The Miracle," which has been condemned as immoral and an insult to the Catholic faith as well as to morals generally, is good censorship. This censorship, however, is "unconstitutional" according to the ruling by the United States Supreme Court in a unanimous decision against the ban imposed on the film by the New York State Board of Regents which judged "The Miracle" sacrilegious.

As unbiased onlookers we are watching censorship take the wrong fork in the roads marked Good and Bad. Censorship remains inspection with the power to suppress anything objectionable. But objectionable to whom? We are led to believe, by the Supreme Court ruling, that insulting the Catholic faith is not objectionable, even while the ruling itself is an insult to the Catholic faith.

Self-imposed censorship by non-military government agencies is also objectionable and a direct insult to the free press which is one of the foundations of American Democracy. By ignoring religious beliefs and censoring the press, Fascist Mussolini, Nazi Hitler and Communist Stalin poisoned the minds of their people with lies, we have to remember.

Testing the intelligence of the Presidential order allowing censorship is a special five-member Senate sub-committee. Two former newsmen, Senator Blair Moody of Michigan and Senator A. S. "Mike" Monroney of Oklahoma, are on the committee to study the curb on news which is charged with stifling the free flow of news to the American public. Senator Moody called the order a "mistake" and Senator Monroney charged it was "destructive and obnoxious.'" But Senator Fred Seaton of Nebraska, a third member of the committee, branded it properly as "worse than the disease it tried to cure."

THE SENATORS believe that government heads prefer to withhold unfavorable news. But, unfavorable or not, it is this news that would keep citizens informed about their government and help them make intelligent decisions. If America's newspapers can raise the voice of the citizens to a loud enough cry, censorship on information will be ripped away and then attention can be turned to constructive criticism where it is weakest, in movies, books and magazines.

It is here that Catholic censors are being attacked most viciously by the "free thinkers" who wish to open all minds, young as well as old, to pagan ideals, to the "art" magazines, the filth novels and the suggestive sex movies. Nobody wants long-nosed Puritan prefects, but can a right minded nation stand idly by and allow its people to be poisoned? In the realm of inks and presses is there no right or wrong?

Money-minded proprietors of stores and theatres are capitalizing on sex for the immature. Yet our government is juvenile enough to be willing to "protect" information from public knowledge while allowing the public to ruin its morals through the uncensored field of low-minded publications and movies.

A perfect example of this indulgence lies in the foreign-made film "The Ways Of Love" in which "The Miracle" is part of a feature-length trilogy. The miracle is in how the film was ever allowed into this country. United States customs inspectors have to prohibit a poor immigrant from carrying a roll of salami, possibly his next three meals, into this country because it may be carrying a disease. But films that insult the Catholic faith and the sensibilities of all religious people meet no difficulty although their disease is strong enough to contaminate and twist the minds of children upon whom we pin our hopes for the future.

"The Miracle" is a tale of a feeble-minded peasant girl who is seduced by a

stranger she believes to be St. Joseph. She is convinced her child is miraculously conceived and refers to him as "my holy son." Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York condemned the film as a mockery of the Catholic faith. The Vatican's censor called it "an abominable profanation from religious and moral viewpoints." The New York State Board of Regents banned its showing on the grounds it was sacrilegious.

Nevertheless, the U. S. Supreme Court ruled it "unconstitutional" to ban a film on "sacrilegious" grounds. Fortunately, there are wiser minds. One of them, Dr. Clyde Hissong, censor and director of state education in Ohio, sidestepped the term "sacrilegious" and banned the film in his state on "moral grounds." He explained appropriately to his critics that "in an unrestricted audience the immature adolescents may accept as reasonable the behavior and distorted value of the unfortunate girl" in the movie. The good doctor, to quote movie writers, deserves an orchid and a four-star rating.

But New York lost its case only in the courts and has boycotted the film in New York City and adjoining Nassau County through its great Holy Name Societies, Knights of Columbus chapters, Confraternities of Christian Doctrine and Catholic War Veterans posts. The film will have a limited audience, few of which will be Catholics.

Chicago has also wisely dodged the Supreme Court ruling and has refused to license the showing of "The Miracle" on the grounds that it "features immorality." The censorship imposed by Ohio and Chicago is good censorship because American morals will benefit. There is no other consideration. The censors will receive no monetary reward and only criticism is being piled on them. There is no glory nor money in banning a film. On the other hand, the distributor of the film seeks not to educate or protect the public through the movies. His goal is a successful run for cash profit. Even businesswise, however, he is short-sighted, for open the door now to films like "The Miracle,"—there are scores seeking entry—and you would create unfair competition for American moviemakers. And if Hollywood took to producing such films the rat race of who puts out the dirtier picture would begin. Where would it end?

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of the lack of proper censorship is violently visible in the cheap reproduction of novels, new books, the pocketbook novels and the magazine trade. The reprints and pocketbooks have long since undertaken to lure readers with a "come-on" cover of semi-nude women facing rape, seduction or murder. It's all a far cry from Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. Plots and characterizations are based almost entirely on sex and seduction. One writer alone, Mickey Spillane, now a Jehovah's Witness, has written novels of the type and has sold more than 14,000,000 copies. Spillane admitted his novels were contributing to juvenile delinquency and recently promised something "more thrilling than sex" in his next book.

The pocketbooks are not alone in offensiveness, for they share bookstalls with magazines composed of pictures of nudes and labeled with ridiculous titles like "Sun Bathing" and "Photography Poses." There is little censorship in this field, the only opposition to this public scandal being waged independently by Holy Name groups and the National Organization of Decent Literature. In Brooklyn and Long Island, for example, storekeepers were tactfully asked to help in the crusade against the indecent magazines. Those who joined the crusade were given a sticker to place in their windows advising the public that they had cooperated in the war against immorality. But you wouldn't have to search long in most towns if you wanted to stack up a high pile of trash magazines.

Summing up the pros and cons of censorship and weighing them on the commonsense scale, we find indiscriminate government censorship is wrong and private censors far more able to follow the will of the people. The government has failed miserably in censoring the chief contributors to crime and juvenile delinquency in America, while private censors, similar to the Legion of Decency, have been successful.

Censorship is both good and bad. It depends on what the censor stands for, as in all other cases of the exercise of judgment. If he wants to cut off or curtail information which should be public knowledge he is wrong. If he strives to make better citizens out of Americans by protecting their morals, then he is right. Soldiers don't fight for their country alone, they fight for God AND Country. The first oath a soldier takes says just that. Like soldiers of God and Country, the American people must fight for God and Country. That fight must now be waged for our morals.

If our morals go up, America goes up. If our morals decline America will no longer be the citadel of Democracy. Catholics who fight to rid the country of films like "The Miracle" and the other ribald means of "entertainment" are fighting not only for Catholicism but for their country as well.

Through healthy censorship the cause can be won. For God and Country.

MONODY

I pour out my unworthy heart
to you, O God,
Breaking, torn with pain and
sorrow,
Faltering in anguish and
oblivion.
O, fill this void with faith in
Your tomorrow.

Could I but understand as You
would have me to,
Could I but set the self that loves
You free;
Then out of these thousand
deaths this soul has died—
I live! The flesh is crucified in
me.

—NINA JEANNE EDENS

the current scene

frank j. ford

Cause of Crime

The appalling increase in the crime rate in the United States is graphically illustrated by a recent report of J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who notes that "the crime rate in the United States continued unabated during the first six months of 1952. More than one million major crimes—an increase of 6.4 per cent over the same period of 1951—were committed.

"Youth led the criminal army during the first half of 1952, as more persons aged 18 were arrested than any other age group. Breaking down the figures further, almost 30 per cent of all persons arrested were less than 25 years of age, and they were responsible for 55.1 per cent of all burglaries, 43.4 per cent of all larcenies, and 69.4 per cent of all auto thefts.

"Behind these figures," concludes Mr. Hoover ruefully, "lie tragic stories of parental neglect, broken homes, immorality, adult delinquency, and public apathy—painful proof that our nation is suffering from spiritual starvation."

The Other Side

John P. Wilfred of New York, is growing increasingly annoyed by the incessant charges of intolerance leveled against the Church both here and abroad. "In view of the wave of anti-Catholic intolerance that has swept through American educational circles and made itself felt in the U.S. on the question of a Vatican Ambassador," says he, "many of us are angered by the new flood of charges that Protestants are being persecuted in Catholic countries. The affair has reached preposterous proportions."

Pointing out that Protestants number only about 20,000 out of 28,000,000 Spaniards (whose country has been the most recent target for attack), Mr. Wilfred observes: "There is a vast difference between freedom of worship and freedom to go into a country and to blaspheme much that is held sacred by its people. Spain has freedom of worship, but not of public ridicule for the belief of the vast majority of its people. American Protestant sects must realize that they cannot expect to go into Catholic lands and persecute Catholics. This is precisely what is being attempted by some. Neither can they expect the United States government to force the acceptance of purely American laws—based on the religious divisions in this country—on places where there are no such divisions. Catholics do not forbid freedom of worship anywhere in the world. Some organizations, however, are trying their best to stop religious education of Catholic children in the United States."

They Haven't Changed

If you are one of those who fervently believe that the kids of today are, by all odds, the most ill-bred, impertinent, misbehaved, and incorrigible crop of hellions ever known to man, then read this: "The children now love luxury, they have repulsive manners and contempt for authority, they show disrespect for their elders, and their love for chatter has taken the place of exercise. They are now tyrants, not the servants of their household. They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, babble before company, gobble up the choicest morsels at the table, and terrorize their teachers."—And that, apt as it may seem to our current crop of sophisticated saplings, was written by Socrates more than 2,000 years ago.

Land of the Rising Sun

The amazing comeback story of the Japanese people is told, in part, by foreign correspondent, Ernie Hill. "The diligent, thrifty people of Japan," says Hill, "are forging an economic recovery that portends to make them one of America's most powerful allies in the struggle against the world Communist conspiracy. Japan is well advanced toward complete economic reclamation. In five years, Japan may well rank along with the British Commonwealth as America's most important partner in defense of freedom's bastion.

"Here," he recounts, "is a country of 83 million, bouncing back stronger than ever, a country not to be denied its role as one of the world's half dozen leading powers. The contrast with Western Europe is like a breath of fresh air. There is no carping defeatism, inertia, lethargy or blackmail demands for a larger chunk of our tax money. The Japanese have picked themselves up from defeat. True, they have received a lot of assistance and are missing no chances to get back into world trade. The point is that they understand and appreciate the help the United States has given them —seven years ago a beaten enemy.

"The average American can spot the difference in a few days. You do not feel the frigid antagonism you get in Germany, the supercilious superiority you get in France, that cash-on-the-barrelhead friendship of much of Western Europe, or that weird illogical emotionalism of the Middle East. An atmosphere of optimism pervades

the country and its business leaders. The people are anything but whipped or discouraged. Japan, the most advanced of the Asian countries, is arising from the ashes of war and can be counted on to become again a major power. As of this moment, the Japanese people are on the side of freedom and democracy. Our only problem is to help them stay that way in the face of tremendous pressure from the neighboring Communist world."

"Cheer Us Up," She Says

Mrs. Jean Rindlaub, a lady advertising tycoon, offers the man behind the meat counter some cogent advice on how to win and hold the housewife's confidence and respect. "The butcher," says she, "should learn to be tender to the housewife in these times of high prices. She wants sirloin, not surliness. Mixed with the hamburger she wants sympathy. Getting right down to the meat of the matter," suggests Mrs. Rindlaub, "the butcher can overcome the housewife's beef on high prices by: (1) Commiserating with her on the lofty cost of living. Every woman loves an understanding soul, and the butcher who never contradicts a client is sure of heavy repeat business. (2) Toss in an extra every now and then. No woman ever gets wroth over a premium pork chop, an 8-ounce T bone steak, or a slice of liver for the cat. (3) Women want men to know their names and use them. When it comes a woman's turn to be waited on, she won't appreciate your hollering, 'Hey, you, you're next!' She'll simply go next door.

"Butchers," winds up Mrs. Rindlaub, "should always have a little cheerful music going, because it's depressing to buy meat. A lilting melody, a pleasant smile, and every mother's daughter among your customers will take you for a lamb."

Notable Gain

The Catholic population of Japan increased 14,544 to a total of 171,785 in the year ending June 30. The increase over the 1947 Catholic population is 57 per cent. There are 973 priests in Japan today, including 213 native Japanese—an increase of more than 100 per cent over the 1947 figures of 164 native Japanese and 314 foreign priests. In addition, there are 146 Japanese and 122 foreign brothers and 1,951 Japanese and 918 foreign sisters. Nagasaki, where many Catholics were killed in the atom bombing of 1945, has the largest number of Catholics of any Japanese diocese—67,328. In Tokyo there are over 20,000 Catholics and more than 4,000 taking instructions in the faith. And in Kyoto, there are 4,329 under instruction, although there are now only 7,600 Catholics in the town.

What's In A Name?

The recent, but by no means astounding announcement, that the largest clan in Scotland is not the MacDonalds or the Campbells, but the Smiths, has brought on a rash of research as to the most common names in such widely scattered areas as India, Turkey, and Greece. Scanning through a weighty tome, loaded with voluminous data on the matter, we are informed that when Mustafa Kemal decreed a generation ago that the westernization of Turkey required its people to choose surnames, Turks turned to an imaginative array of descriptive names—for example, in Turkish, "The Light That Dawned," "Mr. Golden Head," "Dr. Health," or "Blew Like the Wind."

When people migrate to new homelands, however, strange things happen to names. Many Greeks in America are named "Pappas," which means only "the son of," because Anglo-Saxon tongues couldn't manage such surnames as Pappadimitracoupoulis, or even Pappatheodorokomoundoronicolucopoulos. (And both are names of record in Greece.)

Certainly any Greek with a handle like either of the two cited could be forgiven for cutting himself down to Smith. Still, the Greeks have a long way to go to match a Fiji cricket player whose last name contains 56 letters—with practically all the letters in the alphabet given a double workout.

Rigid Code

In startling contrast to Hollywood, where divorces and escapades are surrounded with an aura of glamor, Philippine movie studios now insist that contracts with star performers contain a morality clause binding the player to observe proper standards in private life. The clause in the contract for female stars in one of the largest studios gives the president the power to cancel the contract "should the actress become involved in any public scandal, or her reputation become immoral owing to conduct that would unfavorably reflect on the good name of the company before the public."

Packaged Passengers

A Cornell University scientist queries the Society of Automotive Engineers as to why passengers in cars could not be more carefully "packaged" to reduce injury in collision. Selected peaches are packed symetrically in their can and no one would ship valuable china loose in a barrel, he argues. The scientist suggested that to avoid parallel "spoilage and damage of people in transit." motorists might avail themselves of safety belts like those used in commercial planes, and headgear of the sort worn by military pilots and football players. If people won't bother, he adds, the automobiles themselves should have fewer points of hard contact for soft heads.

"Sounds like a pretty sensible proposition," agrees the Des Moines *Register*, "but people, being people, probably wouldn't bother. Still, father, at the wheel, would undoubtedly get a tremendous kick out of ordering a fidgety family to 'fasten safety belts.' Especially if the harness could be made to include a muffler for backseat drivers."

Andrew Johnson Speaking --

by Francis Howard

IT WOULD have been something of an experience to be present in the visitors' gallery of the House of Representatives at Washington on a certain afternoon in the year 1844. That historic chamber was crowded, Mr. John Quincy Adams and other well known members were doubtless in their usual places.

The occasion for all this rapt attention was some unexpected oratory on the part of the new Representative from Tennessee. Mr. Andrew Johnson was speaking. Those who heard him could not help but feel the strange power that seemed to flow from his words. It reached out and held the audience captive. The sturdy gentleman drew heavily upon the highest quality that any orator can have at his command—his own personal integrity.

What made this particular speech so memorable? The fact is, Mr. Johnson had chosen to declare himself upon a subject that any pussy-footing politician would have left severely alone, especially if he happened to come from Tennessee. But his sense of justice had rankled when some narrow-minded Americans had made Roman Catholics, then a small religious minority in the country, the object of a vicious and underhanded attack.

Johnson's readiness to defend Catholics was hardly designed to add to his popularity "back home." A Protestant himself, he had been sent to Congress by constituents who were even more deeply ingrounded in that faith and who looked with suspicion upon all non-Protestant worshippers.

Nevertheless, Johnson threw circumspection to the winds. Where a question of fundamental justice was concerned—of right and wrong—he could never compromise or equivocate. None knew so well as he that the right of the Catholics to religious liberty was expressly guaranteed in the first amendment to the Constitution.

When the Honorable Thomas L. Clingman of North Carolina drew upon his imagination to picture Catholics as political connivers, Johnson moved swiftly to their defense. Clingman had said: "Had the foreign Catholics been divided in the late election, as other sects and classes generally were, Mr. Clay would have carried by a large majority the State of New York, as also the States of Pennsylvania, Louisiana and probably some others in the Northwest."

This was too much for any staunch truth-lover to stomach. Andrew Johnson began his answer to the charge in a mild tone: "I am a member of a Protestant church and a citizen of Greeneville where there are few Catholics, and where the citizens are somewhat prejudiced against them. . . ."

He then turned his listeners' attention to the law that guarantees religious liberty to all and proceeded to ask some interesting questions on the subject.

"The Catholics of this country had the right secured to them by the Constitution of worshipping the God of their fathers in the manner dictated by their own consciences. . . . Is the guillotine to be erected in this Republican form of government and all who differ with the Whig party brought to the block? Is then a crusade to be commenced against the Church to satiate disappointed party vengeance? . . . From whence or how obtained the idea that Catholicism is hostile to liberty, political or religious? During the Reformation did not the demon of persecution rage as fiercely among Protestants? Did not the Calvinists, Lutherans, Arminians oft array themselves against each other? . . ."

As Johnson continued, he felt compelled to pay a high tribute to the one American Colony that had been founded by Catholics: "During our colonial state when Protestants, Puritans and Quakers were disfranchising and waging a relentless war of persecution against each other through Pennsylvania and the New England colonies, did not Catholic Maryland open her free bosom to all, and declare in her domain that no man should be persecuted for opinion's sake? And was she not from this fact the sanctuary of the oppressed and persecuted, not only of America, but of Europe? . . ."

IN A MOVING peroration, Johnson rose to his supreme heights of eloquence. His audience in the Capitol chamber were strangely stirred as he brought out, by question after question, how closely Catholicism had been associated with the cause of political freedom all over the world.

"Is Catholicism a foe to liberty? Is Ireland's Catholic isle the nursery of slaves, though her evergreen shamrock no longer wreathed the brows of her warriors, though her palaces are in ruins, her cities in tears, her people in chains? Was Catholic Poland the birthplace of slaves? Go ask Cracow and Warsaw when they last beheld against combined Russia, Austria and Prussia, in death arrayed, their patriot bands—few but undismayed; Freedom too . . . did she not shriek when Poland under Madalinski and Kosciusko fell? Were Lafayette, Pulaski, McNeill, De Kalb and O'Brien foes to liberty? Was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a friend of despotism?"

Only twelve years after Andrew Johnson had delivered this notable speech, he had reached the topmost rung in his country's political ladder. By that time, after Lincoln's tragic death, he had moved into the White House. The fearless defender of a religious minority became the seventeenth President of the United States.

ACTION ON THE PARISH FRONT

A Monthly Series on Holy Name Organization

by F. A. M.

AS WE, THE OFFICERS of our parish Holy Name Society, pause again to work out an outstanding program for our Society, the thought comes to us that it would be wonderful if Catholic men would rally around the banner of the Holy Name each month without being tantalized or lured by some special and attractive program. It seems to us, sometimes, that all that should have to be done is announce the fact that Holy Name Sunday is approaching. This alone should suffice to bring all men into line to show love, honor and respect for the person and name of our great leader, Christ. But, as you and I know, it is not so. As officers we must constantly work out attractive programs and crafty messages of invitation which will attract as many of our fellowmen as possible. This is part of our job as officers. We have a great spiritual commodity to sell and we are determined to wrap it up in as fancy a package as possible for those who insist upon being coaxed to buy. We must, however, keep in mind at all times that our Society is a Confraternity of the Church and that we are primarily interested in assisting our fellowman in his all important task of sanctifying his life. Hence, our programs and our approach must always be in keeping with the spiritual objectives of our organization. Each month, therefore, we search for a spiritual theme for our programming operation. The month of December is no exception. So, settle back and scan these few columns for helpful suggestions in working out another chapter in your Holy Name year of activity and progress.

December Program

December is the month during which we commemorate the birthday of our Divine leader, Jesus Christ. It is only logical that an organization dedicated to loving, honoring and respecting the name and person of Christ should in a special way observe the birthday of its leader. Every Holy Name Society in this vast land should make a concerted effort to secure a record breaking attendance of Holy Name men at their December Mass and Communion. Invite every man, young and old, of the parish to join ranks with the Holy Name Society on the second Sunday of December to rededicate his life to Christ. What greater way could we observe the Birthday of Christ, Christmas, than to walk together hand in hand with our fellow Holy Name men to the altar rail to receive the Holy Eucharistic! There's our spiritual motivation for the month. There's our theme for the month. There's our monthly "sales pitch" for those who seem to need an extra incentive.

The Christmas season with its implication of presenting gifts to those we love and respect suggests an activity in keeping with the religious festival and with our theme for the month. The Holy Name Society is dependent upon the inspiration and leadership of the Ordinary of the Diocese, the Bishop. The Holy Name Society is near and dear to the heart of the Ordinary of your Diocese because he realizes that the spiritual motivation of our great Confraternity will help men in the sanctification of their souls, his chief responsibility as shepherd of his Diocese. Hence, wouldn't it be fitting at Christmas time for the Holy Name men of every parish in the land to remember their local Ordinary in a special way? Let's call December "Local Ordinary Month." Let's make December one of the banner months of our activities year of 1952-1953.

Local Ordinary Month

An extraordinary effort should be made to reach every available man in the parish during the two week period preceding Holy Name Sunday in December. An invitation should be extended to him to join the ranks of the Society at the Communion Mass. Be sure to arrange with your spiritual director so that such an invitation is extended from the pulpit at all the Masses on the preceding Sunday. Your spiritual director might be interested in your preparing a short announcement for him—something along the following lines:

> "Next Sunday is Holy Name Sunday. The Holy Name Society will receive Communion in a body at the 7:30 Mass. Every man in the parish is requested to attend the 7:30 Mass with the Society and to offer his Communion for the special intention of our beloved Bishop. A spiritual bouquet of Holy Communions from the Holy Name men will be presented to the Bishop as a Christmas gift. Let's all cooperate with the officers of the Society by being in line at 7:15 next Sunday, when the procession will form at the school and make its way to Church."

Why not send a post card to all the men of the parish, and in this way get our invitation into every home? What will you put on the card? Why not something like this:

"CALLING ALL MEN"
Holy Name Sunday—December 14
Communion Mass—7:30 A.M.

Please join the procession from school at 7:15 A.M.

BREAKFAST MEETING IMMEDIATELY AFTER MASS

Offer your Communion as a spiritual bouquet for our Bishop.

You might even send a note home through the school children. Ask each child in school to take home a little note inviting the dad of the family to be present on that Sunday. In other words, use every available means at your disposal to get the word to the men of your parish. Success will crown your every effort made for the glory of God's Holy Name. Make a count of all in attendance on the second Sunday and procure a suitable spiritual bouquet card upon which can be inscribed the number of men who have offered their Communion for the intention of the Bishop and present this card to him as a Christmas gift.

Your Monthly Meeting

The monthly meeting of your society is always important. All the business of the organization must be taken care of at this monthly meeting and the general membership must be kept informed on Holy Name activity. The December meeting, however, over and above the normal run of business can be used to present a special Christmas program. Here are a few helpful suggestions in planning such a Christmas program:

1. Decorate your meeting hall with a bit of Christmas atmosphere. How about setting up a Christmas Crib or at least a lighted Christmas Tree in your meeting hall?
2. Community singing of Christmas Carols always lend a spirit of true yule time joy. Arrange with the choir director of your parish to lead this Community singing.
3. Present a few Christmas gifts to those who served the Society well in the past. You ought to consider first and foremost your spiritual director. How about those who serve your breakfasts each month? Some of the officers should be also remembered. You might even consider some of the members who have outstanding attendance records.
4. Since a successful Holy Name meeting always blends spiritual, educational, business and entertainment features in the proper proportion, an outstanding speaker would enhance your Christmas meeting.

Speaking of Gifts

In considering ideas for the simple remembrances we mentioned above, be sure to look into the many Holy Name Supply items that would be very appropriate. Some wonderful ideas, all with a Holy Name Society flavor, are the new Holy Name Rosaries, Holy Name key rings, Holy Name tie clasps, Holy Name ties, Holy Name St. Christopher auto plaques, Holy Name cuff links and many others. All of these items can be secured from National Headquarters or from your local Diocesan Holy Name Union office.

Who knows that you are a Holy Name man?

Do you want people to know you—

HONOR YOUR DIVINE SAVIOR,

ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR ONE TRUE MASTER,

PROCLAIM JESUS CHRIST PUBLICLY?

PROUDLY WEAR YOUR HOLY NAME EMBLEM

Have you ever thought of making up a Holy Name gift box for your Spiritual Director? You could place the following items in such a box—Spiritual Director's Handbook, In His Name Manual, button, cuff links, key ring, and auto plaque. A gift box of this type would be appropriate and would be appreciated by the Director. Similar boxes could be made up for officers and members. And don't forget—you couldn't present a finer gift to any man than a gift subscription to the *Holy Name Journal.* While many of these things seem to smack of the commercial observance of Christmas, they can all be used effectively to promote a greater loyalty and appreciation of the Society and lead men eventually to a greater degree of personal sanctity.

Correlating Committee Activity

In the promotion of any of the Holy Name programs or activities, it is well to keep in mind the fact that the individual work of the various committees that function within our Society framework can be strengthened and brought to fruition at one and the same time. All committees should be alerted to each of our programs at hand. For example, the membership committee will have a splendid opportunity to further its work of increasing the membership rolls at a Christmas program such as outlined above. Men will attend an activity of this kind who otherwise never show up. These men can be contacted and sold on the spot. Retreat committees will have opportunity to explain their wonderful program to a large audience of men at a special occasion of this kind. A literature committee can further its program by briefly reporting to the membership from time to time the direction of its efforts and the help the membership could give. The correlation of committee work should be kept constantly in mind for smooth functioning Holy Name activity.

Preview for December

January is our Patronal Feast Month. We shall try in these columns next issue to present some helpful suggestions in working out a suitable observance of this occasion. Let's keep our Society growing by providing bigger and better programs each month to attract more men to Christ!

A General's Order Against Profanity

by Bernard Kolash

On the Church's calendar a period of four weeks preceding Christmas is called Advent. During this time all Christians are urged to prepare their hearts for that holy day which commemorates the birth of Christ. St. John the Baptist, a precursor of the long-promised Messiah, and the last of the prophets, expressed Advent's purpose in the following words: "Make ready the way of the Lord; make straight His paths."

Let's get down to at least one brass tack in this matter of Advent, and consider a concrete example of how we can "make ready the way of the Lord."

The average man takes it for granted that cursing and vulgar language is a special privilege he has because he is a man. One curse or vulgar expression to every twenty English words—that's about the mathematical proportion of the average man's speech chart.

It is conceded from the very beginning that there is seldom any deep malice in back of all this gutter lingo; only a subconscious desire to be "manly," or clever, or dangerous to trifle with. Others just want to make an inadequate vocabulary more forceful.

Profanity, however, is an evil in itself; and the fact that God looks chiefly at a man's inward intention does not mitigate the harm done by a slimy or sacrilegious tongue. Sewer and sex expressions do not tend to elevate the minds of those who are forced to listen; and the irreverent use of Christ's sacred name does not, no matter how understandingly and broad-mindedly one looks at the habit, tend to increase Christ's honor among men. In this connection we might well pause to consider Christ's point-blank statement: "Those who are not with Me are against Me."

General George Washington, who was far from being a fastidious, holier-than-thou sort of person, did not exactly take a "broadminded" view on profanity. He must have realized as well, as we do, that most bad language is usually nothing more than a bad habit, devoid of downright malice. But despite this realization, he issued an order to his troops in an endeavor to clear the atmosphere; and for the simple reason that profanity, as stated in the beginning, is an evil in itself.

Picture to yourself the busy General, pen in hand, writing the following special order:

> "The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in our American Army, is growing into fashion. He hopes that the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it and that both they and the men will reflect that we can little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our army if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this it is a vice so mean and low without any temptation that every man of sense and character detests and despises it.
>
> (Signed)
>
> GEORGE WASHINGTON



THE HEAD OF THE CHRIST CHILD is the Official Emblem of the Holy Name Society

The official Emblem was approved by the Holy See and endowed with the blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff in 1909.

An indulgence of 300 days may be gained each day by wearing it visibly on the coat lapel and repeating the words "Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

The Official Button is supplied in three different sizes. No. 501 is 9/16 of an inch in diameter; No. 502 is 1/4 of an inch in diameter; No. 503 is 5/16 of an inch in diameter. Buttons may be had in the following finishes: 14kt. gold; 10kt. gold; rolled gold; gold plate; sterling silver; oxidized silver.

Every Holy Name Man should wear the Holy Name Button. The official source for supplies is

National Headquarters of the Holy Name Society

141 East 65th Street

New York 21, N. Y.

White House "Regular"

by Edward F. Merrick

Eddie Folliard covers the big figures and the big doings but retains his own good simplicity.

EDWARD T. FOLLIARD, veteran newspaperman and traveling companion of such celebrities as Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Anthony Eden, and Chiang Kai-shek, has been favored during the past few decades with the exceptional advantage of seeing history in the making from a ringside seat.

Folliard, a Pulitzer Prize journalist from the Washington *Post,* and a member of the White House "family" of reporters, finds his task of interviewing the great or near great none the less fascinating after more than twenty years with the White House as his "regular beat." His modest demeanor and amiable disposition has won him the respect and confidence of local and visiting dignitaries. He has managed by some strange formula of character to retain, in spite of his eminence in the field of journalism, a humility and accurate self-appraisal which has saved him from that cynicism so prevalent in the ranks of those whose facility with words gives them a definite advantage over the less articulate masses of men.

With well over twenty years to his credit as a White House "regular" and more than ten additional years with the Washington *Post,* Eddie has interviewed persons of fame or notoriety ranging from Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli (now Pope Pius XII) to New York's underworld kingpin, Frank Costello. Before taking the White House as his regular beat in 1930, Eddie plied between there, Congress, and special assignments.

The depressing 'thirties were years of opportunity for Edward Folliard. Observing the New Deal experiment at first hand was an engaging occupation, and President Roosevelt proved a fascinating person to analyze. Folliard attended both the Quebec and Yalta conferences with the President and was a favorite target for Roosevelt's practical jokes.

Leaders of nations were not his only associates. Rulers of quite another sort came also within his ambitious sights. After days of wrangling, one week in 1950 he manipulated a miracle of reporting—an interview with Frank Costello, baron of the underworld now in Atlanta. Eddie describes the experience in this fashion: "It was tougher than getting a private audience with the Holy Father."

Skepticism fortunately has never managed to creep into his personality. Nor has his intimacy with public officials destroyed his trust in the sincerity and capabilities of those in high places.

What occupation other than his own, he asks, would afford the opportunity of meeting at close range a visiting prelate, tall, wiry, saintly in appearance, a Cardinal named Eugenio Pacelli, who was one day to wear the Fisherman's Ring and bear the name Pius XII?

FOLLIARD's brow is lined with perpetual creases from over three decades of frowning at typewriters. Until he assembles his notes, adjusts his margin, and begins to bully the keys, he could easily be taken for a normal, law abiding citizen. Crouched over the keyboard, straining for the right syllable, all composure is abandoned as he stretches for each word, reflecting in his bodily movement the mental exertion he is expending.

In spite of all these occupational throes, Folliard finds it extremely easy to squelch all notions of abandoning newspaper work. Long gangling legs and a curious mind were his only assets in 1916 when he began his career as a copy boy with the Washington Bureau of the International News Service. A few months later the press association was looking for another copy boy. Eddie Folliard had joined the Navy.

Twenty Atlantic crossings later, Eddie was back in civilian clothes serving as a cub reporter for the *Washington Post.*

To fill in the embarrassing gaps in his learning, Eddie made a noble attempt to attend classes regularly, but it was no use trying. Every time a fire alarm sounded he would have to be off rushing from whatever lecture he happened to be attending. With good humor he still confesses that he majored in English, "whatever evidence to the contrary." French also he sampled briefly, with the consequence that his French is of the A.E.F. type, useful and understandable only at American Legion meetings.

For the next 25 years, the reporter from Foggy Bottom, Washington's rough-and-tumble district, saw history in the making. By 1941, he was conducting a nightly radio program, composing a weekly resume of international affairs for the Sunday edition and covering White House assignments as well.

FOR AWHILE after Pearl Harbor, he kept at his weekly grind and there were few let-ups. Covering *Post* assignments as well as the White House during the war years was an exhausting assignment, but he stuck to it until he received credentials enabling him to join the Ninth Army in Europe as a war correspondent.

Folliard's dispatches rank among the best to come out of the war. The most famous of his war stories had nothing to do with Europe. Written before he left the Capital, his description of the gallant defense of Wake Island by the Marines was printed all over the nation and throughout the world. The newspapermen's journal called it "one of the finest news stories to be written in many a day."

Folliard's greatest story, for which he received the coveted Pulitzer Prize, was his expose of the latest hate klan to come out of the South—the Columbians, a belated version of the Ku Klux Klan, founded and guided by psychological misfits. Folliard describes them as a "hood and sheet outfit determined to be forty times as bad as the Ku Klux Klan."

No "cane carrying journalist," he considers any man in a bad way who thinks he knows everything about his business. Nor has he given in to the favorite Washington pastime of writing about one's behind-the-scenes experiences. Folliard is too busy pouring his energy into daily assignments to worry about writing books.

If ever he does get around to writing a book, it will be the life of St. Francis de Sales, the patron saint of Catholic journalists. Folliard, along with Edwin Lahey, a syndicated columnist, is the founding father of the Washington newspapermen's annual retreat at Manresa, a Jesuit house of prayer in Maryland.

With regard to his writing style, Eddie has always been guided by his own dictum "write 'em straight but make 'em read." A staunch believer in letting the reader make up his own mind, he rarely uses psychological tactics to sway the opinions of his readers. Nor is his style pedantic or pompous. Long ago he resolved never to write anything the "boys in Foggy Bottom couldn't understand."

ALTHOUGH no master of protocol, Edward Folliard has managed nevertheless to converse with the great ones of the world without offending that natural expectancy of honor which is the usual companion of celebrities. His easy going personality is hardly the type to arouse enmities or resentment. To most of these luminaries the veteran newspaperman is known as "Eddie" and Folliard reciprocates this informality in kind.

Though associating with kings, cardinals, presidents, and renowned statesmen, Eddie has assured himself lasting success by retaining the common touch which renders his words accessible to all strata of society.

Why the Vercelli Rosary?

The Holy Name Society Produces a New Rosary in Honor of John of Vercelli

Many times the question, "Why the *Vercelli* Rosary?" has been asked, because traditionally the Rosary has always been in a particular way "Mary's Prayer." None will deny that fact. And it was in a vision to St. Dominic, probably in the second decade of the thirteenth century, that the Virgin Mother asked the saintly founder of the Dominicans to preach this devotion in her honor while urging the faithful to meditate on the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Her Divine Son. Throughout his whole life Dominic preached this form of prayer and when his dream of founding an Order, the Order of Preachers, became a reality, he enjoined his followers to do likewise. The white clothed preaching friars, the followers of Dominic, soon spread this devotion the length and breadth of the then known world.

When the saintly founder of the Holy Name Society became the sixth successor to Dominic as Master General of the Order of Preachers he and his confreres continued to preach the Rosary devotion which down through the years has been a glorious tradition of the Dominican Fathers. To the rich, to the poor, to those of high estate and low, to pagan and heretic, to the unlettered as well as to the cultured, "Mary's Prayer" has been preached, and its hopes, joys and consolations have been widely realized.

Down through the centuries "Mary's Beads" have ever been a favorite form of prayer for the Holy Name man. At the death of a member the parish Society as a unit recites the Rosary before his remains are interred. Throughout this country and Canada the Society as a local or diocesan unit has sponsored Rosary Holy Hour and Rosary radio programs and have also been foremost in promoting the Family Rosary. So because of the great and long enduring Rosary tradition of the Holy Name Society, in tribute to the affection of its members for Mary and her "beads," and because of the love, honor, and respect shown to the most holy Names of God and Jesus Christ through the recitation of Mary's Rosary, the new Holy Name Rosary is fittingly called "The Vercelli Rosary" and is specially dedicated in honor of our saintly Holy Name Society founder, Blessed John of Vercelli. H.C.G.

On The SIDELINES with Dick Stedler

NOVEMBER is the month when college football hits its peak, with traditional rivalries occupying the spotlight. And, as often is the case, the renewal of such fiery football feuds generates more spirited play on the part of combatants and necessitates a sharp-eyed interpretation of rules by the officials.

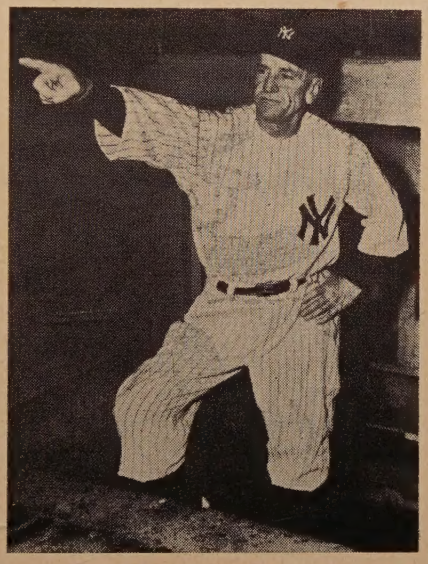
With this thought in mind, perhaps it is an apt time to focus attention on some of the new rules that prevail on the gridiron this year. Perhaps some have puzzled you during games you've seen so far. And then again, if you're going to watch your alma mater play its traditional rival, perhaps this brief review may help you better understand any infraction that may cause you to unjustly criticize the officials.

Historically, however, the idea of changing football rules is indeed a very old one — starting even before you were born. The first recorded case came, in fact, in 28 B.C.

Irving T. Marsh, erudite football writer in the *New York Herald Tribune,* dug up the details as follows:

"It happened this way. The Romans had adopted, as was their wont, a Greek game called harpaston, which was strikingly similar to modern rugby football. They Latinized the name to harpastum. They already had a football game of their own called follis and the two games, harpastum and follis, existed at Rome for many years, each having partisans clamoring for suppression of the other game.

"So, one of the first acts of Augustus after he succeeded his uncle, Julius Caesar, in 28 B.C., was to demand a revision of the football rules. You remember old Augustus. He is more familiarly known to the fans (Gibbons fans, that is) as Gaius Julius Caesar Octavinius. He competed in a tough league, too. Tougher even than the Big Ten would have you believe it is. Among the all-star operatives were Brutus, Cassius, Cicero, Mark Antony, Marcus Agrippa—a group that included some pretty shifty runners and some outstanding tackles.



CASEY STENGEL

"For a revision of the rules, Augustus went not to an athlete. He went to a professor, a philosopher. This first member of the august rules committee submitted his code of rules (the story doesn't say whether or not the two-phalanx system was abolished) and they were approved by the Emperor. Unfortunately, the philosopher's name has not come down to us.

"This is no mere whimsy. It is factually correct (you'll pardon the few interpolations) and comes from a history of football. But why, you ask, is it brought up now, almost 2000 years later?

"Well, because it sounds so gosh awful familiar."

Now, bridging the past to the present, it is interesting to report that most of the coaches and officials believe that the football rules, as now constituted, are about as good and clear as they possibly can be. Nothing looks like a really bad rule and the new ones have been working out well.

Among the newer rules, observers believe the most effective this season is the mandatory suspension for striking an opponent with elbows, forearms or locked hands while blocking or tackling. This rule has done much to prevent injuries. In former years, such an infraction incurred only a 15-yard penalty, but now it is placed in the same category with using the fists, and players, naturally, do not want to be expelled from the game.

Another important step in the right direction is the rule change which boosts the penalty from 5 to 15 yards for defensive holding. This has reduced the former practice of holding the ends from breaking downfield to catch passes.

The new clipping rule also has done a lot to cut down injuries. Before, it used to be that you couldn't block a man from behind "below the waist." That was a dangerous play in which a player often could give his opponent a hard shoulder block in the middle of the back and be perfectly protected by the rule. But you can't do that now, as the rule reads any block from behind is clipping. It's to prevent a player from getting racked up when he isn't expecting it.

Another good new rule is the one which now permits the passer to use his hands to ward off an on-rushing lineman once the ball is in the air. You see a lot of passers nowadays hold that ball until the very last possible second. Thus, the passer is a potential runner, and the linemen are diving at him. He used to be a sitting duck back there but now, once he gets rid of the ball, he can save himself a lot of embarrassment by the use of his hands.

The fake fair catch penalty is another rule this season. The fair catch wasn't even covered in the rule book last year, but it has been restored so that the receiver can signal that he wants to catch the punt unmolested. In previous years, the receiver often gave what the officials termed an "invalid signal." He'd just raise his hand about face high and often the officials wouldn't know whether the receiver was merely shading his eyes or not. Now, he must raise his hand clearly above his head and wave it, or else it costs his team 15 yards.

Officials, too, have revised their techniques this season. The field judge, who formerly was stationed behind the defensive quarterback or safety man, now has moved up to the line of scrimmage where he has a better view of the line play.

The need of a fifth official is never more apparent than it is today. In some sections of the country, they have a back judge who watches for back-in-motion infractions. On punts, he takes the opposite sideline from the field judge so that the exact spot where a punt goes out of bounds can be marked accurately.

Of interest, too, is the fact that the horn is becoming obsolete in football. It is being replaced by the red marker. The horn frequently brought confusion, causing the ball carrier or tackler to stop even though the sound wasn't meant to halt the play. The red marker is far more practical. It is noiseless and marks the spot of the infraction without interfering with the action in any way.



Casey Remains At Bat

Casey Stengel, who has piloted the New York Yankees to four straight World Series titles, will have an opportunity to make it five or even six straight. Shortly after winning the World Series in October, Casey's managerial contract was renewed for two more years for $200,000. Thus he will be out to guide the Yanks in quest of their fifth straight pennant, and if he succeeds, it will be a new all-time record.

The 63-year old Stengel, whose new contract makes him the highest paid manager in the history of baseball, is a millionaire via business investments other than baseball. A year ago his wife Edna wanted him to retire and start enjoying his private swimming pool and home life through the summer in Glendale, California. Since then, she changed her mind when asked about Casey quitting. "I have come around to the belief that a man must do what he wants and likes to do," she reasoned. "Yankee Stadium is his world; it makes him happy."

Two years from now, perhaps Mrs. Casey's dreams may come true too. Meanwhile here's wishing Casey continued success in quest of new managerial records with the Yankees.

What You Should Know About Heredity

(Continued from page 12.)

are literally trillions upon trillions of life cells in your body, each and every one of these cells contains exactly forty-eight chromosomes which are the same in every respect as those which you received originally from your parents.

This means that the initial cell of life multiplied and expanded with tremendous speed, billions of its offspring fitting into that pattern which produced your eyes, other billions forming your nose, and so on.

It has been calculated on a statistical basis that there was only one chance in over 60,000,000 that the chromosomes which you inherited from your father might have been the same as the ones which he had inherited from his father. Even if this most unlikely combination of chromosomes did occur, it would still mean that you inherited only a fraction of your father's chromosomes because at the instant of conception you received an equal number of them from your mother.

It is easy to understand, therefore, that certain skills and hereditary talents are not passed on from generation to generation. The mental equipment with which a child starts out in life does not depend on the number of college degrees held by the father, his social standing, or the number of digits in his bank account.

Of course, a man who is a brilliant lawyer, businessman, educator, or scientist, and an honest citizen, may be able to provide a home atmosphere and social prestige which will induce his children to develop their God-given hereditary capabilities. Similarly, a father who is intemperate and irresponsible is bound to place his children at a very serious disadvantage, even though they may have started out in life with a most remarkable set of 48 chromosomes.

IT IS DIFFICULT to give specific examples which illustrate the laws of genetics without getting technical. But we have all seen families in which the children have hair of different colors, eyes that may be blue, or gray, or brown. The Mendelian laws state, for instance, that two blue-eyed parents will have, with very few exceptions, blue-eyed children. Facial resemblances like the contours of the nose, the shape of the cheekbones, and complexion are known to be patterned according to the laws of heredity, also.

The humble monk Abbott Gregor Mendel advanced our frontiers of knowledge when he brought to light fundamental laws pertaining to the growth and behavior of all forms of life. Looking back, it appears providential, indeed, that such vital life-patterns should have come to life through the study of the common garden pea in a little plot of ground in a famous Catholic monastery.

Maybe You're Afraid to Adopt a Child?

(Continued from page 15.)

child of God, of the meaning and the end of life, such a child will rarely succumb to the facets of juvenile delinquency and outright criminality. In a recent survey of some ten thousand cases of juvenile delinquency, less than 2% were from homes as described above. Here again, it is *you* and the character training you give your child that will decide the road he will lead in the future.

These are the most common questions that occur to a couple planning adoption. Under present practices, no one of them should deter couples from seeking adoption. Of course, not all couples are eligible to adopt a baby in the first place. Some, for various reasons, will never be given a baby by the adoption agency. The agency is in business to protect the child too, remember, and if it thinks for its own good reasons that you should not be given a child, you will not get one. You have to be physically fit yourself, you have to be upright and conscientious and decent. You have to have a fair job, although you do not have to be wealthy, or even middle class, just so you make enough to support a family.

You need not own your own home, just so you have enough room for comfortable living for a family with child. It also must be apparent to the agency that both husband and wife want the child, and for reasons of love. Children cannot be used as patches to mend a broken marriage.

It must be quite clear by now that adopting a child isn't exactly the easiest thing in the world, nor is it the hardest. All that is necessary is that you have a big heart with lots of love in it. If you want to be happy yourself, if you want to have a happy home and a happy family, that love must first of all be for the God-Man Jesus Christ Who said, "He who receives one such child as this in My Name receives Me." What a happy home when you receive Jesus and your child into your home! It becomes a Heaven on earth, because God is there. It becomes a spring-board to the real Heaven — and to God, eternally.

Mother of Faith, Son of Piety

(Continued from page 6.)

concern at the arrival of guests for a meal, the Cardinal would bid them add a pint of water to the soup!

After nine years of rule, in July, 1903, the Patriarch left Venice in his gondola for Rome, never to return. At the conclave following the death of Leo XIII, Cardinal Sarto had been elected to the Papacy, choosing the name of Pius X. During the next few years, renowned for his gentle humility, he yet waged war against the militant atheism of France, the uprising of modernism and other evils, with force and vigor. But above all, he is noted as the Pope of the Holy Eucharist as a result of his lowering of the age at which children might make their First Communion. Finally, heartbroken at the prospect of the untold suffering which he knew must be inflicted by the world war which had just broken out and which he had striven his utmost to avert, he breathed his last on August 20, 1914. An Italian prelate wrote at the time, "The whitest soul in this blood-stained tempest-torn world has just left us."

In his will Pius X stated, "I was born poor, I have lived poor, I desire to die poor." He left very little money. It had at one time been taken for granted that the Sovereign of the Catholic world would assuredly enrich his relations, but he had merely established his three sisters in a modest dwelling near him in Rome. It was found that he had bequeathed to them but £12 a month, the small home at Riese going to Marie. It stood in the danger zone of war. During 1918, many of the villagers, including the nephews and nieces of Pope Pius X, were obliged to seek refuge elsewhere. A notice was chalked on its walls, "Spare this house where the Pope, Giuseppi, was born." It was spared by the foe. In 1926, Marie, then in her eightieth year, presented it to the inhabitants of Riese.

During the coronation of Pope Pius X, as is customary, a tuft of hemp had been burned before his eyes with the solemn warning, "Thus passes the glory of this world." At the beatification ceremonies of June 8, 1951, however, in the presence of half-a-million people, Blessed Pius X, attained a glory which can never pass away. But it can be truly affirmed that that small peasant boy, Bepi Sarto, would never have reached such heights had it not been the one who is buried at the cemetery of Riese, as "an incomparable mother."

With the Cross on His Shoulder

(Continued from page 9.)

But his health suffered so much that, no doubt to the dismay of those who had come to depend on him, he was sent to Mount Argus again "in order to give him a little rest." So, on January 10, 1874, he left England for good. But whether he secured the rest that his frail body needed must be judged by events in Ireland. It was said that more than three hundred people came, on an average, every day to be blessed by Father Charles, and that this was so for the next nineteen years, right up to his death. There was a long stairway from his cell to the parlors and church. A Father Salvian described him as "going up and down the whole fifty-nine steps, hundreds of times every day," "up and down the whole blessed day from morning to night." The strain became so great that his superiors had to appoint certain hours for him to attend for blessing the people. But this could not be made to apply to those who came a long way.

After 1874, when he was only fifty-three, Father Charles aged rapidly. He loved to be alone—with God. His bodily sufferings were acute; his body was "almost bent in two" and he could not genuflect without support. His brethren knew him for a saint.

Are we to gather from this that Father Charles was a great personality? If we thought so, we should be wrong. For in himself, and as a human person, Father Charles was uninteresting. But those of saintly lives differ from men of the world whose desire is to impress others. The saint influences his fellow men by the Personality of Christ, which shines through him, and Christ is a Divine Person. The man of the world has only a charm of manner, which may cease to make an impression as soon as men discover it has no solid background. But men reverenced Father Charles.

Those who are full of the spirit of Christ are simple and childlike, for He came as a Child. Father Charles, like all simple folk, was at home with children. Almost needless to remark, he had a profound devotion to Christ's Mother.

It has been said of Father Charles that he could not preach. It is far more likely that his were simple, halting, sermons, like those of the Curé of Ars, who had no gift of oratory, but could touch hearts by his simple words. Those who take a superficial view might have looked on Father Charles as a failure, for he does not seem to have been fitted for the more active duties proper to the Passionists, such as conducting missions.

This holy priest, the victim of many excruciating maladies, at last passed to his eternal reward on January 5, 1893. Unconscious of his own merit, he could say to the end: "After so many confessions, so many Communions, so many Masses, I am yet so full of sin."

In consequence of the alleged miracles attributed to his intercession, Pope Pius XI in 1935 authorized the setting up of an Apostolic Commission for the introduction of the cause of Charles of St. Andrew. The prayers of all are asked that it may succeed.